The Saturday Review of Literature

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Photo by Madame Yevonde

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

"The great writers of Spain (like most great writers) completely neglected the sweeping historical events taking place about them. The detective stories of our day . . . may, like the picaresque novels, outlast all the serious books of their age" . . . *(See page 7)*

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His new novel brings comparison to Thomas Hardy, Knut Hamsun, and John Cowper Powys . . .

James Hanley
THE FURYS

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Can Sociology Become a Science?

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

JULIAN HUXLEY

Disraeli

THERE is a great deal of talk these days about the importance of social science. Nothing but the application of scientific method to social affairs will allow us to control the aforesaid social affairs, which, as all agree, are at the moment distinctly out of hand: so say the upholders of scientific sociology. On the other hand, voices of the contrary party are not lacking. The out-and-out sceptics assert that sociology can never become a true science. Others, less sweeping but more insidious, remind us that in social science we are on different ground from natural science, in that the experimenter cannot help being inside his own experiment, and that even in the observation and analysis of fact the social scientist cannot help being influenced, whether pro or con, by the system which he is observing. No method of fully discounting bias or prejudice exists as it does in the natural sciences; bias of some kind enters into every social phenomenon, and there is no purely objective standard of preference, no criterion for the scientific validity of an experiment. And there is a third type of criticism which takes the form of the *argumentum ad hominem*. Such critics point to the regrettably large amount of nonsense, hot air, triviality, uplift, etcetera, generated by so-called social scientists, and proceed to argue that if so much that is unscientific exists in sociology, there can be nothing in it that is scientific.

It is worth while examining that position in some detail. In the first place, it is clear that in the field of the social sciences, a great deal is often included which has no claim to be called scientific. It is distinctly unfortunate that the term "science" should be employed, especially in America, in two different senses, one in the field of social, the other in the field of natural knowledge. In the former field it is often used as the equivalent of the German *Wissenschaft*, in the sense merely of an organized body of knowledge or ideas. In the second, it is restricted to the equivalent of *Naturwissenschaft*—a body of knowledge and ideas amassed and tested by the true scientific method. It is in this latter sense that the word "science" has come to be generally used in the English language, and it is a pity that an alternative usage should creep in. Yet we find that the Research Committee on the Social Sciences in U. S. A. includes not only economics but history, which has always been in the main a humanist as opposed to a scientific subject. It would really be more desirable, when speaking of the field in this broad sense, to use some phrase like Social Knowledge in place of Social Science. For it cannot but be extremely unfortunate, in these days when science is so highly prized, for subjects and doctrines which by their nature and origin cannot help being un- or rather non-scientific, to enjoy the prestige of science.

Be that as it may, it is clear that the first step is to exclude all such fields from our discussion, and then to ask whether what remains can justify its claim to be scientific. Here again, it is unfortunately true that, especially in the past, a great deal of sociology, or at any rate a great many sociologists, have run to tautological phrases, empty generalizations, unsatisfactory methods of analysis, unscientific modes of approach. It is as a result of this that sociology has acquired an unenviable reputation in certain quarters.

This, however, is what inevitably happens with every truly new science. When science adventures into a field which has hitherto been given over to non-scientific treatment, it has to find its feet. And a great deal of nonsense is liable to be talked during the process. The early exploration of the unknown or the mysterious is almost bound to be attended with a phase of pseudo-science, in which mysticism at the one end and true scientific method at the other are connected by every gradation, of a priori argument, mere analogy, loose speculation, conclusions based on false clues, and so on.

The problem is thus still further boiled down. After excluding both the non-scientific aspects of social knowledge and also the pseudo-scientific divagations of a new subject, is there a scientific kernel left to sociology?

It is here that the crux of the matter lies. There are still many, both among philosophers and natural scientists, who assert the contrary. The nature of the material, they claim, precludes the application of true scientific method.

Some hard thinking is necessary on this point. Personally, I am of the opinion that sociology can become scientific, but that it will have to work out a canon of method which differs in important respects from the canon generally accepted in the non-human sciences. Social Sci-

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

LIFE WITH FATHER
By CLARENCE DAY, Jr.
Reviewed by Francis Hackett

LUCY GAYHEART
By WILLA CATHER
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

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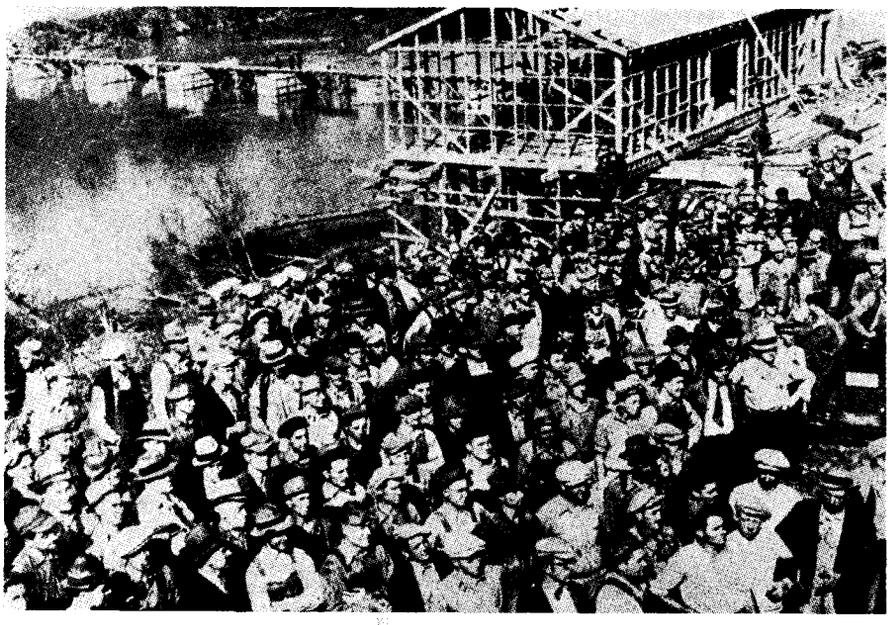

A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT: TVA WORKERS AT NORRIS DAM
From "The Roosevelt Year" (Funk & Wagnalls)

ence finds itself, broadly speaking, in the position occupied by natural science at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It awaits its Bacon.

Indeed, the history of natural science is illuminating for social science in a number of ways. In that history Bacon with his formulation of scientific method was important: but in a sense Bacon was only a symptom. The verbal formulation of the inductive method and of the notion that control of nature would only be arrived at by the use of that method, was one expression of a changed temper. The human mind was becoming emancipated. Men were throwing overboard their traditions and their a priori principles: they were becoming adventurous, exploratory, and empirical.

If Bacon's "Novum Organon" was one symptom, the great voyages of geographical explorations, and the freeing of trade and commerce from feudal and religious restrictions, were others. Still another was the actual practice of scientific discovery by induction and experiment (which in point of fact proceeded largely uninfluenced by Bacon's precepts), and the working out of a technique by science for its own advance, in the foundation of learned societies and the launching of the world's first scientific journals. And still another was the rapid advance in technology, in which pure science speedily found application and practical justification.

The moral for social science is clear. The idea of exploring, understanding, and controlling man's social environment and his own nature is now in the air, just as was after the Renaissance the idea of exploring, understanding, and controlling non-human nature and man's external environment. The present interest in sociology is an outcome of this more general tendency. But before it can fully merit the name of science, it needs development in three interrelated ways. It needs to formulate its special methods: it needs able brains working at its fundamental problems and discovering its principles: and, just as natural science needs completion through military, industrial, agricultural, and medical applications, so too social science needs practical outlet in application by means of social experiment.

Let me discuss these points in more detail. On the second there is little more to be said. The great discoveries within any subject do not reveal themselves in advance: they emerge only as the result of intensive work by first-class intellects. Bacon could not prophesy any of the achievements of science, even in the era immediately succeeding his own. He could only prophesy that, if a certain method were followed, great achievements would result. All that can be done in this field is to try to insure an adequate supply of workers of high standard.

But training is of no avail unless it later finds an outlet. Jobs must be found for the first-class brains if and when they have become social scientists. As with natural science, such posts will fall in several different categories. With greater representation of social science in the curriculum, teaching in school and university will absorb some. There is room for enormous expansion within Government service. If, for instance, the Bureau of Census were expanded as it should be, so as to become a real agency for national stocktaking, it alone would find room for large numbers of men trained in the social sciences. Planning, too, and survey work basic to planning, is likely to absorb numbers of men. Furthermore, with the increasing regulation of industry which is indubitably on the way, there will be need of many trained civil servants occupied not merely with economics but with labor relations and the like. Public Relations, too, will become increasingly important.

What is true for Government is true also, with modifications, in private industry. Human relations, with labor and with the public, will need more cultivation and supervision; planning and coöperation with other agencies will bulk larger.

But it is of extreme importance that outlets for social science and social scientists be not restricted to Government and to private industry. With the best will in the world, politics and profit cannot help imposing a bias on workers in their employ—even on scientific workers. It is essential that there should be private institutions pursuing pure research in social science. The teaching departments of universities are one agency in this field. But experience with the natural sciences shows that this is not enough: we need also research institutions, with teams of whole-time research workers. The Brookings Institute at Washington is one example of such institutions, the New School of Social Research in New York another. But we need many more such, specializing in different fields of pure and applied human and social science.

Next we may take the point about social experiments. It is often held up against social science that it cannot experiment. This is not true, although it is true that experimentation must be of rather a different type from that employed in the natural sciences. We must be careful, however, to distinguish between mere experiment, and experiment with some sort of a scientific basis. To merit the name scientific, an experiment should be controlled, in the sense used in the laboratory. It should, that is to say, be conducted simultaneously with a similar experiment in which all the factors except those the effects of which are being tested are the same.

The accuracy of such control will always be less in social than in natural science. But by careful planning, a reasonable degree of control may be achieved. Most "experiments in education" that have hitherto been made have been largely vitiated, qua experiments, in that the children come from a selected group of parents, and also in that non-school influences may counteract the educational procedure. Most so-called social experiments, such as communities with a special mode of life, are in similar case. The only "control" to the great Russian experiment is the highly uncontrolled (in

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A Champion of the Old Southern Order

FELICIANA. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

TO the multitudinous devotees of "So Red the Rose" Mr. Young's book will need no recommendation; those who, like this reviewer, were unable to stagger more than half way through that work of piety will find him much more palatable in small doses. These nineteen sketches, collected from magazines over some years past, deal sometimes with the Louisiana-Mississippi region, sometimes with Texas, sometimes with Italy; and New York comes in continually by derogatory implication, which from a champion of the old Southern order is reasonable and fair enough.

In the very first of the sketches the startled reader finds himself once more on the brink of that bottomless morass, the McGehee Family Connection; but Mr. Young lets him escape without getting in more than hip deep, and there is no more about the McGehees till the very end. "I sometimes think," says the author, "that nothing is worth while that is not about something else." This doctrine requires some qualification if it is not to impose a considerable burden on the reader, and most of Mr. Young's sketches are about something else than their ostensible topic; but their brevity, and the leisured suavity of his manner, make the overtones and allusions an enrichment rather than an obstacle.

In a collection of random writings no particular unity need be looked for, but one doctrine recurs again and again—that a man needs a frame, of doctrine and social order; needs "to act within something wider and greater than himself." Or, as an old Monsignor puts it: "These days everybody is himself without reference to any idea, anything larger than himself; and so nobody is anybody." This no doubt was the informing principle of "So Red the Rose," though it was hard to follow among the McGehee cousins and in-laws. Certainly the pendulum is swinging away from individualism these days; and while the order that Mr. Young admires is gone beyond recall, he puts up a good argument for it. Nor is he mere sweetness and light; he acknowledges the existence of Evil and then turns from it to something that interests him more; which after all is more recognition than the artists of the Southern horror school accord to anything good.

Among writings so diverse readers will have various preferences; Southerners will like some of the sketches, Catholics others; while Yankee heathen may be chiefly delighted by "Jalous Business," a tribute to Creole cooking which is enough to make the crassest bourgeois individualist jump on a train to New Orleans, and eat nothing till he gets there.

Ossip Garber

STARK YOUNG

Life Is a Marathon

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? By Horace McCoy. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE coastal Attic plain originally gave its name to a foot-race featuring endurance. In our own day we are familiar with the dreary public dances that seem to go on and on forever—as long as the contestants can move at all. They are called Marathon dances. They are a witless form of spectacle patronized by the great American public. But the participants are in deadly earnest. For they dance for a money prize. And meanwhile they get free meals and a free bed.

Take a girl to whom life itself has become an unbearable Marathon. She has sized herself up, decided she is no good, and had better be out of it. She has worked it all out in her own mind, through thorough acquaintance with misfortune and the sordid side of life. She is determined.

In Hollywood she meets a boy, also down on his luck but still full of hope and vague idealism, though he is just beginning to be disillusioned. To try to recoup their fortunes they enter a Marathon dance together, to which there is a tragic ending.

The author started in to work when he was twelve, and has known life at first-hand, as newsboy, salesman, taxi-driver, soldier, and journalist. That was till five years ago, and after that he followed various callings in California, among which was that of bouncer in a Marathon dance contest. So he knows all about the gruelling endurance exhibition of which he writes. A technical device of interpolation is employed in his short novel which

HORACE McCOY

heightens the dramatic and ironic nature of it. But quite aside from that, it is a story of great power, a story as stripped-for-action as a racing car.

I understand that the story as you now read it was cut considerably from an original total of 90,000 words. If so, it is a masterly job of condensation. It is intensely pitiful while being just the opposite of sentimental. The atmosphere of the dance is compellingly conveyed. The characters of the boy and the girl, and of the subordinate people in the story, are clearly defined. The story has inevitable fatality.

Language is not minced in this short novel, which presents life in its most brutal aspect. So if you don't like that kind of book, don't read it. But there is nothing fake-tough about it. You are convinced that this is the way these people are. And, in the end, a young man with nothing but hope and kindliness and friendliness in him is called upon to pay the extreme penalty, because of the inadequacy of the laws of society to cover the exceptional case.

But are such cases exceptional? Certainly the wastage of human life in society as at present constituted is a grim problem. And there are cruel maladjustments that seem to be inherent in life itself. Gloria at least saw honestly the futile, worthless nature of her own existence. She found nothing in herself with which to combat it. And had she been otherwise she would not have involved in her death the boy who was her only friend. She was that kind, and the novel simply accepts her and presents her. No moral is pointed and the tale is not adorned. No propaganda flourishes. But we are left with the impression that in some respects we are little better today than was Rome in its decadence; and there is a good deal of truth to that. May the truth be salutary.

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Poetic Strategy

GOLDEN FLEECE. By William Rose Benét. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CROWE RANSOM

ON the jacket of Mr. Benét's collected volume the publishers have printed a statement of Mr. Mark Van Doren's: "The poetry of William Rose Benét will outlive that of many modern American poets." It is easy to concur in the estimate. Recently Mr. Benét edited an anthology for fifty living poets, and the publishers obliged him to include himself among the fifty. I should say that the number might be reduced to twenty, and Mr. Benét would still be among them, even if half a dozen poets who were not of the original fifty should find their way into the twenty, where they belong. He writes poems which I do not like—among others which I do like—but he writes them well. Of his equipment this may be said: it is adequate for accomplishing his poetic intentions.

Criticism of Mr. Benét's effects therefore is, or should be, from a special point of view, and it consists with one's respect for the poems as being just about what, one imagines, they set out to be. And some of them escape this special criticism, so far as I am the critic. I mean to give the impression of this poet as one of opulence, variety, and spirit; pretty formidable and bound to hit everybody's taste once in a while. I will document this a little. He writes romantic poems in the field which Pliny called natural history—of birds, giraffes, horses, dolphins, and dirigibles—and one of these is "Whale," which I think is humorous, tender, and majestic all at the same time, a distinguished little addition to our poetry. He also writes ballads (he is a very brave poet), and "Dark Legend," perhaps among others, seems successful, provided that an old ballad by a modern poet can be authorized. "The Fawn in the Snow" is brilliant, and nearly right in its accuracy of touch, a fine image of desolation. "The Ponies" and "Deer in Mooreland" are also symbols, under the general head of pathetic fallacy, gentler, subtler, and—I think it must be—later. "Eye and Mind" is another kind of poem altogether, one of the introspective or philosophical poems in which the conception is better than the execution; this particular one has a subject which might have made the reputation of a "metaphysical" poet, treated with the psychological delicacy of his school; and Mr. Benét does not spoil it, though he does not treat it too happily.

And so on. Mr. Benét has his successes, and in the midst of them he commits ineptitudes—as other poets do.

But more than other poets he provokes an uneasy reflection about the difficulties which confront a living poetry today—difficulties which few poets manage to surmount, and of which he for his part seems unaware. There is a primary question of strategy. Unfortunately it is not merely bravery which wins the campaign, nor cavalry, nor artillery, nor even aeroplanes; it is strategy. Who will define the objectives that have to be attained? Mr. Benét is every inch a soldier, but I do not think he is a strategist, and his triumphs look too pyrrhic.

It is not a poetic age. Poets today are like the French royalists; very properly they—I mean the poets—identify their cause with the restoration of certain rare and innocent attitudes, bound up with certain leisures, ceremonies, and the formalism which is inseparable from art. There must be a great number of persons who would like to see the crown restored, yet cannot discover from many evidences that poetry is prepared to make the effort of adaptation necessary if it is to come back to power over a generation which has been going forward fast while it has been, so to speak, in exile.

From the jacket of "Golden Fleece"

The conditions are anti-poetic. And where, more precisely, are the enemies of poetry to be identified? They are not only those Philistines who are always a little bit sullenly ranged against it—the indifferent bourgeoisie, the stolid proletariat—though these elements may be specially chartered, confirmed, fortified, in their interests and their failures of interest, under the present economic and social preoccupations. The enemies are co-extensive with the moderns generally, and include those who wish well to poetry, and even desire it, but have trained themselves conscientiously away from the capacity to accept it under its traditional forms. Modernism is the cast of the modern mind, and with respect to the claims of poetry it is a fastidious scepticism, because it involves several things; for instance, an attitude to nature which is instrumental, and abstract almost to the point of insensibility; a suspicion of any formalities which are really innocent, esthetic merely, impractical, like meters; and an intellectualism (Mr. Benét calls it ratiocination) which is subtle and strong and does not like to abdicate. Perhaps I am describing the modern mind at its liveliest. Upon it is fastened unshakably the impression that it is a new mind and cannot be fed by antiquarians on an old poetry. Nobody, I think, can recover to poetry its lost ground until he can speak the contemporary language like the natives, and surprise the contemporary mind where it is actually entrenched and while it is about its actual business. The poetry must reach and overpower this mind.

I do not know how it is to be done. But I am afraid Mr. Benét's characteristic victories consist in taking abandoned positions; the enemy is not there.

The middle half of the volume records feats of this kind—poems a century or more behind the times. His recourse to the supernatural is too facile. A horse thief, in the poem by that name, is telling his story while waiting to be hanged; he has discovered himself to be Bellerophon, and is just back from an exciting ride on the stolen property out in the eighth of the Ptolemaic spheres; but as a horse thief he is an importation from the sophomore honor roll, and his use of some cowboy language is nothing but a red handkerchief. "Merchants from Cathay" compounds two kinds of romanticism, the supernatural and the historical. The merchants come riding in appropriate trappings from the great Chan's court, and the pictures of them and their big talk is jolly enough, but when they begin to tell the ruler's secrets the ground opens in flames, and the mules descend with them into what is conveniently styled "Pits Abysmal." Now romanticism always fancies superlative effects, and preferably blurry mysterious ones, or effects without proper causes; and the romantic style comes and goes eternally with the vicissitudes of literally tastes; but each time it finds it impossible to flourish upon that minimum of perceptual and intellectual distinctness which was enough for the rude fathers on its last visitation. Mr. Benét, who seems to have a different impression about this, wastes many labors of love most heroically.

Little poets write little romantic poems which are too pitiful to delude us for a moment. Mr. Benét is, shall we say, the last of the big poets who write them in a large way. He is impressive, yet it is impossible that a poet should succeed on this line of strategy. Why should he have tried it? I shall be pleased if the question is not found impertinent, for the answer might be instructive.

John Crowe Ransom is professor of English at Vanderbilt University and himself a poet as well as critic. Among his books of poetry are "Poems About God" and "Chills and Fever"; among his critical works, "God Without Thunder."

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The Soul of Spain

DON FERNANDO. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS is the story of an author in search of a book to write. He never found it; indeed as he studied the writings of the Golden Age of Spain, filling his notebook with comments enriched by digressions on the golden art of writing which was his own specialty, and as he wandered in the Prado and the Casa el Greco and the Escorial, looking at the faces of the men who might become his characters, the book ever eluded him, like a shy girl in a mantilla forever turning a corner in the tortuous streets of old Seville. And finally, being a novelist, not a historian, Mr. Maugham discovered his only possible hero in the painting of an Englishman who had become a Spanish Carthusian monk, and who was indeed only a projection of his own alien Englishness incapable of being anything but an alien observer in Spain of the Golden Age.

Hence this "Don Fernando" is the notebook for a book that was never written, a thoroughly amateur study of the art, the mysticism, the literature, the characters of sixteenth century Spain—and among its numerous digressions the reader will find an excellent definition of just what amateur means. But it is amateur history, amateur criticism, written by a professional writer, one of the most skilful now writing in English. It is the kind of book that hundreds of amateur writers did badly and published extensively in the nineteenth century—journeys in Italy, adventures among masterpieces, little visits to the shrines of great writers—and which the hard-boiled twentieth century refuses to print, unless the author has a great name. I suppose that there is not a chapter in this pleasant succession of notes by the Spanish wayside, from the little life of Loyola, through the studies of Lope de Vega and Calderón, to the brilliant analysis of El Greco's peculiar genius, which a scholar could not successfully attack. It would be futile to do so, otherwise I, who pretend to no Spanish competence, would not have undertaken to review this book. For his are the notes of an intelligent reader who does not pretend to have done more than sample the books and the architecture and the painting of Spain, in search of background for a character which he never found. It is not his facts, but his sensitive reactions that are important.

Mr. Maugham is not happy in his literary history. A second-rate literary historian could have done better with "Don Quixote" and the Spanish stage, and the writings of the mystics and the disciplinarians. He is much more inspiriting when he writes of Spanish art, and probably more unsound, as he is certainly less orthodox. His theory that homosexuality accounts for the superbly decorative character of El Greco's paintings, for example, is brilliantly built up, with no apparent recognition of the non-representative qualities of the Byzantine art upon which El Greco's painting was founded, and which surely, to a painter, would seem more significant for the development of the great Cretan than a hypothetical attitude toward the emotions. The very interesting analysis of the baroque is more convincing, and even if it will not hold water historically, it will remain impressive because, whatever the author's faults in scholarship, his competence in the essential nature of art and the character of the artist is indisputable. If he is no final authority on Spain, he is an authority on what the Spanish artist was trying to do. Hence if one is sometimes bored by his literary and artistic history, the digressions and aperçus arouse him. El Greco was a quick-witted man impatient of the ineptitude and stupidity of the Spaniard. The artist may work for art's sake, but his values depend upon what art does. Technique is the artist's business, and never can be used as a final criterion of excellence. If Cervantes lived on his sisters' prostitution, it was because by nature he had that freedom which the mystic seeks in the repression of his desires. The artist stands aloof. The great writers of Spain (like most great writers) completely neglected the sweeping historical events taking place about them. The detective stories of our day, and notably Edgar Wallace, may, like the picaresque novels, outlast all the serious books of their age. They have invention, suspense, a feeling for the picturesqueness of life, a raciness of conversation, which our novels usually lack. Baroque is the art of movement, conceived in a time which was like our own when freedom is dead or suppressed.

In short, here is an uneven and rather inconsequential diary of a cultivated writer's experiences with the soul of Spain which has been written for readers with some historical and literary background, and in which they will find many digressions, and some relevancies, of high critical value. I doubt whether the audience which listens to Maugham the playwright and novelist will get very far in "Don Fernando." And that is too bad, for if there is padding, the best passages are very good indeed, and the final summary of the Spaniard as an artist in character ruined by his failure to think is a superb historical generalization.

"I Am the Cat!"

By PHYLLIS B. MORDEN

WHEN Adam lay without his Eve,
The cat stretched there.
Like bark on a smooth bole,
In the sweet air.

When Adam felt his opened side,
The cat crouched by,
Watching the woman's wonderment,
Staring at her cry.

When Eve tasted the forbidden fruit,
The cat, with quivering tongue,
Stalked the serpent
Laced among
Leaves weighted
Where transgression hung.

When the Angels at the Gate
Brandished the Flame,
The arched cat
Delicately came,
And in a voice
Strident as shout
Said, "I am the Cat!
Let me out."

When Adam delved, and Eve still dreamt
Of contraband and sweet,
The purring cat moved like thought
To shape contentment at her feet.

FROM THE JACKET OF "DON FERNANDO"

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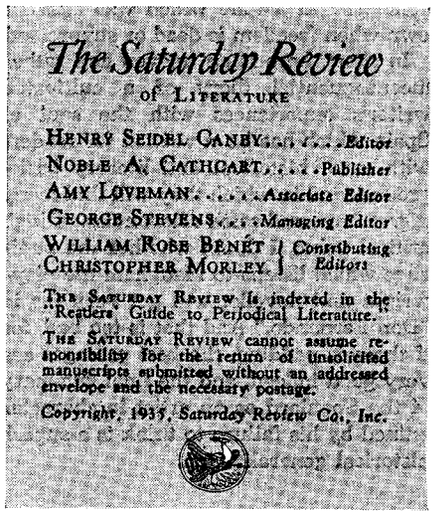
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The Pulse of the Machine

II

THE pulse of the world machine beats most harmoniously when time, place, and a people in happy adjustment to their environment meet together in a lucky moment of history. These moments are rare and still more rarely do they endure beyond a fortunate century as in Greece, or in Renaissance England, or in the classic age of France. It is the lucky balance itself—between skies and the man, between the medium of life and the ego—which works miracles when what seem to be miracles occur in art. In America, both Thoreau and Emerson were well aware of this principle and urged it upon the writers of their New England, but there was a fundamental maladjustment between the inbred Puritanism of their age and the dynamic qualities of the American environment which they were too much creatures of their own thinking to realize. Whitman came near to the ideals, impossible for that place, time, and personnel, which they set forth so confidently, but Whitman, that lovable braggart, that slovenly colossus, is a better example of the strain of a new nation to express the surprises of the environment than of the harmony between a land and its people.

These reflections inevitably lead to a local and timely application. For surely the problem of race vs. environment is just as obsessing in the American 1930s as in the New England 1840s. This is what "regional" literature means, at least for us. And how many recent American novels, from such types of the best seller as Stark Young's "So Red the Rose" to the philosophic or economic or psychological or propagandist stories of Louis Adamic, James Farrell, Erskine Caldwell, etc., etc., are puzzled strugglings with the victims or heroes of circumstance in the American scene!

No one doubts (and British and French critics, for example, are free to admit) the virility and richness of these novels, especially those which deal specifically with regional life and regional problems, whether they be of the plains, of the cotton fields, or of the steel mills. But there is a painful lack of rhythm in the most original of these books, all the way from the old master Dreiser to the young Halpers and O'Haras, a lack not merely of rhythm of style in which our predilections for earlier rhythms may mislead us, but of that rhythm of harmony between subject and expression which is unmistakable to the experienced reader. The garments of the creative mind are ill fitting. They could be taken in, clipped shorter, wrapped together, recut, and still the book would be improved, and still it would not be right. These writers have too much to say to say it well—but that is a rhetorical criticism. They have quantities of experience and no design for a container—but that is a result, not a cause, of their failure. Does not the difficulty lie deeper and may it not be found in the strain between people and environment which is sharper in America than elsewhere? For here we have not only the mixed breeds of a dozen nations still conscious of other homes, but factors even more significant. Here the entrance of mechanics into environment is most pronounced. Here change of base is most frequent. Here the new experiment of a nature put in control for that modicum over which control is possible is most advanced and most disturbing. Thoreau described the Americans as Europeans straining to adjust themselves to new skies. It would be truer today to assert that Americans more than their fellow men elsewhere are straining also to adjust themselves to an environment into which steel, concrete, gasoline, and electricity have been intruded in a manner simple enough to science, but confusing to art because confusing to life. The question is not that abstraction of woman's club's discussions, When shall we have a great art? but the much more cogent question as to when shall we have a good life which means, among other things, a harmony with environment. For it is probably true that if there is such a thing as racial happiness, it is closely related to a harmony with environment, a harmony to which power, prosperity, wealth, or even comfort, may be either relevant or irrelevant. And of such a harmony, good art seems to be a sure indication, even if it cannot be an inevitable result. The books of the new regionalists lack essential rhythm because time, place, and people have not yet harmoniously met in our America. Perhaps they never will.

It is true that there are a few among the recent novels of local life of which one can say, this, so far as it goes, is perfect. But it would be found that usually their authors have dodged the mechanized environment entirely and have given us as hero either a romantic or more usually a degenerated European gone back to the primitive in the swamps or the cotton fields or the mountains, who is as much a creature of his environment as the woodchuck on the hill, the whip-poor-will in the meadow. They have attempted no such type of truly representative humanity as was the Greek athlete stripped and shining in the shimmering light of the race track above the Delphian gulf, because no such instance of perfect harmony, beautiful not in the crude sense of curve and color, but because it is harmonious, exists in our America. When it comes, if it comes, it will surely not be Greek, and its authentic power will be quite as unmistakable as the dignity of the bronze charioteer at Delphi or the character of Odysseus or Hector.

A Bad Bill An "incitement to disaffection bill" has recently passed the Senate and will come before the House. This bill penalizes "whoever advises, counsels, urges, or solicits any member of the military or naval forces of the United States, including the reserves thereof (National Guard), to disobey the laws or regulations governing such military or naval forces, or whoever publishes or distributes any book . . ." counseling disobedience.

Now the purpose of the sponsor of this bill and also the motives of the Senate may have been excellent. Nevertheless it should be evident that once passed such a law would make it possible to suppress all books which discuss war as an evil and futile thing, and make difficult or impossible any criticism of militarism or navalism as such. Which is precisely what has been brought about in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy with results which we have no cause to envy. The spread of disobedience in our armed forces is already covered by existing laws. This bill contributes nothing except a means of suppressing criticism. It is a bad bill which should be killed in the House.

Ten Years Ago

In *The Saturday Review* for July 25th, 1925, Christopher Morley recommended "Serena Blandish: or The Difficulty of Getting Married," by a Lady of Quality. Wrote Mr. Morley: "*It is agreeable and healthy, at a time when people are varicose with dispute over mythological sanctities* [the Scopes trial], *to find a book in which nothing is sacred. . . Whoever wrote Serena (one has heard Mr. Beerbohm suggested) he carries his fiery liquor like a gentleman.*" Only a few weeks ago, Mr. Morley was enthusiastically recommending Enid Bagnold's second novel "National Velvet."

Today

The Saturday Review recommends these new books:

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? By Horace McCoy. See review on page 5.

TEMPEST OVER MEXICO. By R. E. King. See review on page 10.

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Letters to the Editor: *Culture in a Democracy; "Salute to Aphrodite"*

Insult or Inspiration?

SIR:—Mr. Irwin Edman in his article "Culture in a Democracy" regrettably joins the chorus of cultured defeatists. His lugging in the hackneyed strain, "in the cycles of time some new Lucretius may be born," should by this time be more of an insult than an inspiration to the intelligence of the "cultured few." What matter if there never should be another Lucretius?

Come what may, the present is with us, and our task is to change the psychology of the masses and even of many coming to our higher institutions of learning, so that they not only refrain from asking why they should know about this and that, but also demand why they should not know. Mr. Edman happily asserts that, "One of the functions of the professional intellectual and artistic classes in a democratic society is to maintain a sense of responsibility in 'popularization.'"

In his insistence upon Western culture and its possible doom does the writer wish to imply that there is an Eastern culture which may survive? It would be a strange but not unlikely coincidence if the Orient in preserving its integrity should also save for future generations the most important aspects of Western culture. Looking on the opposite side of the ledger we observe the painful fact that not a single institution in this country is equipped to offer comprehensive instruction in the cultures of the East, which, by the way, does not have its furthermost boundaries in Mesopotamia, as even some Orientalists fondly think. If the universities of Japan did not offer learning in the form of the English classics, for example, we should condemn them for their crass stupidity. By the same token is the culture of Japan so inferior to ours that we can afford entirely to neglect it?

HORACE I. POLEMAN.

University of Pennsylvania.

Writing to Formula

SIR:—One of the most distressing things about many modern publications is the apparent adherence to a set formula for the material they accept. Each story must be so standardized to their particular groove that it is extremely difficulty for any author to really say what he wants to. If this sort of editorial policy keeps up the following aids for writers will undoubtedly be developed by science.

1. A counter of total words as you write them on your typewriter. (I have read that this is really being tried.)

2. A machine into which a completed manuscript would be fed. The manuscript would come out with the story analyzed and the name of the magazine to which it was acceptable stamped on the front page.

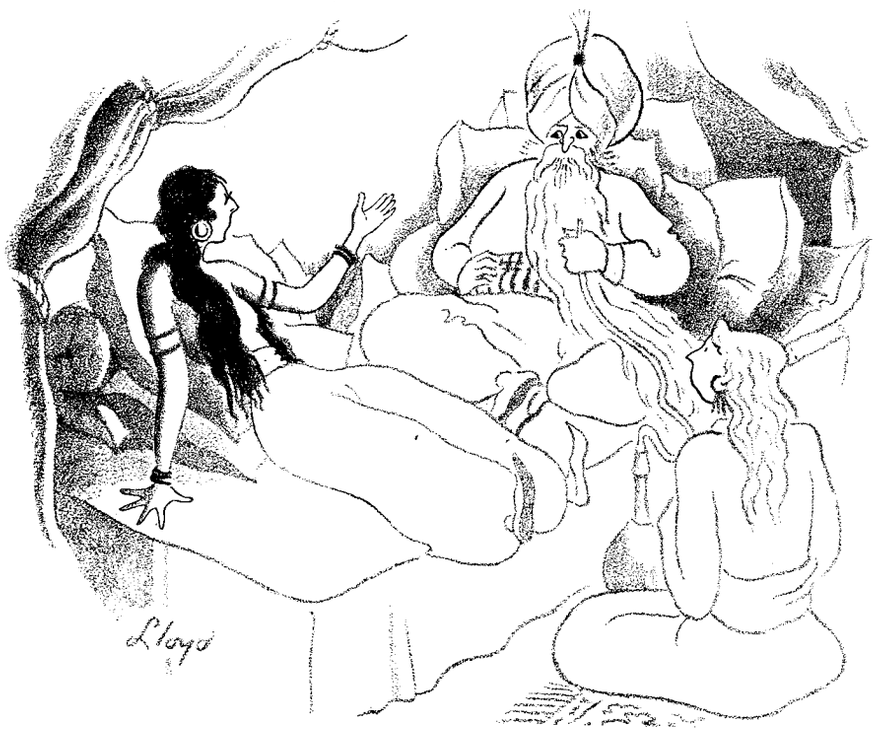
3. A device to feel the pulse of the public six months ahead so your stories would always be timely.

4. A new method of banking for writers. The loan committee to pass loans on unsold manuscripts that were good literature but not in the right groove for an editor.

5. A pill that would keep writers from going hungry when they refused to write to a formula.

AUSTIN PHRA MULLAN.

New York City.



"STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE."
(*Addenda to Literature—Number 2*)

From Rearden Conner

SIR:—Mr. Shane Leslie tells your readers in your issue of June 22nd that my novel, "Salute to Aphrodite," has little in it that savours of the West of Ireland. He says that the ballads which occur here and there in its pages are more at home in the pubs of Cork and Dublin than in the wild West. He is quite right. I am writing about County Cork, in the extreme south—not at all about the West.

What gave Mr. Leslie this "Western" idea? On page 119 I say, "They sold up (in Galway) and moved south to Knockdoonvara." The customs, sports, and such doings, described in the book are peculiar to the province of Munster. The very name "Knockdoonvara" has a southern flavor. The West is a very different land, I agree.

Mr. Leslie lays it down that my period must be "in the seventies at least" because of my use of the word "Fenian" to describe a man who commits a political outrage. I make this outrage occur in the last years of the nineteenth century. Would Mr. Leslie, because of his passion for strict historical accuracy, have me bore my readers by discriminating between every branch and the parent tree? I know well that Fenianism started in the sixties—in 1857 to be precise. I know all about the Land Leaguers, the Invincibles, and those other sects with their shades of differences. But what modern Irishman troubles about the thin lines dividing this "party" and that since *all* had the one idea of freeing Ireland, and, at rock bottom, were merely a continuation of each other. I have written a peasant novel. The peasants in my story call a certain man a "Fenian." Does not Mr. Leslie know that even today peasants say, "Ye old Fenian!" as a term of mild abuse?

I am plainly mystified when Mr. Leslie mentions that I am "astray with the Banshee." I say on page 70, "that fairy woman of song and story who wails at deep of night whenever Death stalks abroad." This is the fixed belief of *folk* from every part of Ireland. I have heard it in Cork and Kerry. My wife (a Wicklow girl) has heard it in Leinster since her early childhood.

Lastly, Mr. Leslie would have me give something of the Gaelic "such as would be heard in a Western village." Even if I *were* writing about a Western village I would give nothing of the Gaelic because my book is directed at the American public who speak English and wish to read it, not at a small set of my own countrymen. Gaelic ballads should find their place in an anthology, and not, I think, in a novel planned for the general reader.

And Mr. Leslie also says that Lafcadio Hearn's "Kokoro" "is a twentieth century book." This surprised me when I read it, so much so that I sallied forth to the local library and discovered in an old "Who's Who" (1905 edition) that "Kokoro" was published in 1896.

REARDEN CONNER.

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Smoke Rises from the Voodoo Fires

VOODOO FIRE IN HAITI. By Richard A. Loederer. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by H. P. Davis

THIS is not just another sensational book about Haiti. It is, we sincerely hope, the ultimate limit. After a first casual perusal this bewildered reviewer turned to page 99 and reread, "The fetid air clogged my lungs. My breath came in thick, short gasps. A fit of vomiting seized me," and was grateful to the author for an adequate expression of the effect this book will have on readers who really know Haiti and the Haitians.

It was only after checking up the records that I could concede that the writer of this tale had ever been in Haiti.

The author acknowledges his gratitude to "a host of friends in Haiti who generously opened to him the doors to the vast store houses of story and legend ordinarily hidden behind Haitian reticence."

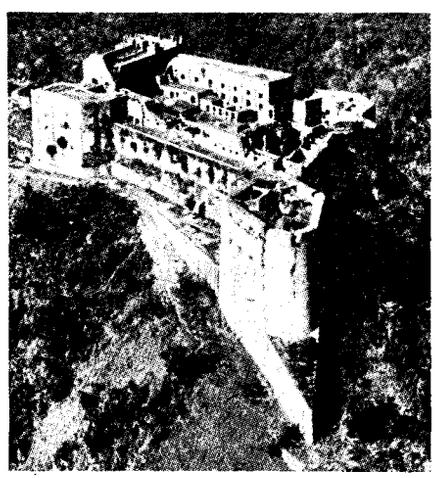
In his first chapter Mr. Loederer naively remarks that Columbus landed in Haiti; "that much," he says, "is known; but his records are not explicit as to whether he stayed much longer than to unfurl the Spanish flag . . . he set sail and headed still further westward." Yet despite this alleged dearth of records the author, in a subsequent chapter, quite erroneously, tells of the wreck of the *Santa Maria* and the erection by Columbus of "the first building of the white men in the New World" misspelled by him "La Natividad," each of which events took place many leagues to the Eastward of the place where Columbus landed and "unfurled the Spanish flag."

With dramatic license, which will unquestionably be resented by the Royal Netherlands West India Mail, Mr. Loederer interjects into his opening chapter a story of the repugnance of a fellow passenger on being served a congo bean stew; this in order that he may introduce the time worn congo bean-human meat story that created quite a sensation almost half a century ago. Incidentally here Mr. Loederer misnames the distinguished author of "The Black Republic," the book in which this distressing tale first appeared.

In his "reconstruction of the life of King Christophe" the author acknowledges his indebtedness to John W. Vandercook and repeats, with curiously misconceived elaborations, the story of the origin of the "gourde," one of the few inaccuracies in Vandercook's excellent book "Black Majesty." He then proceeds ineptly to rehash "traditions" regarding Christophe, most of which have long been discarded by serious writers.

Errors such as misspelling names of former presidents of the republic and place names; stating that Kola is "creole for water," describing the verdant foliage of lemon trees (in a country where lemons do not grow); "giant coffee trees already hundreds of years old but still bearing" and climbing "fig trees" are irritating but immaterial as compared with the geographical, topographical, and historical misinformation found in every chapter of this book.

From the heights above Port-au-Prince the author gazes over the "Caribbean Sea." From the Citadel where he was, he says, standing on "one of the highest peaks of the Antilles . . . westward lay Santo Domingo and in the distance gleamed the blue Caribbean." As a matter of fact from the citadel Mr. Loederer saw hundreds of peaks of two to three times



CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL
From the Illustrated London News

greater altitude, Santo Domingo lay directly to the eastward, and in the distance gleamed the Atlantic Ocean. Such loosely written misinformation in a travel book is annoying, but fortunately will serve to discount the authenticity of the cruelly exaggerated, or unfounded, horrific tales of Voodoo practices which Mr. Loederer has seen fit to recount.

> Over the whole land [he says] is stretched a net of secret terror.

I lived for more than fourteen years in Haiti and I was never conscious of this secret terror.

> The syncopated thump of innumerable tom-toms . . . the wild thrilling beat of voodoo drums . . . Black magic . . . Fantastic orgies . . . Zombies . . .

Mr. Loederer has apparently left out nothing of such stories as he could gather or glean from printed works of fiction.

In Chapter One the author confesses that his conceptions of Voodoo, "which had hitherto been distinctly hazy," were crystallized by explanations given to him by one "Sir Joshua Higginbotham," a "hard-bitten, leathery Englishman full of little mannerisms and yet charming in his eccentricity." Sir Joshua, if such a person exists, was well named. He must have had a lot of fun.

H. P. Davis is the author of "Black Democracy: the Story of Haiti."

An Observer of the Mexican Revolution

TEMPEST OVER MEXICO. By Rosa E. King. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by J. Fred Rippy

THIS little volume of slightly more than three hundred pages is a fascinating account of what the author saw of the Mexican revolution which began in 1910. The setting of the main story is the State of Morelos, the scene of the revolutionary activities of Emeliano Zapata, leader of the Indian struggle for "land and liberty" in southern Mexico, and a man destined to retain a permanent place among the heroes of the Mexican nation.

In 1905, just as aristocratic Mexico was reaching its serene zenith under the iron rule of Don Porfirio Díaz, Rosa King, an English widow with two children and a living to earn, opened a tea room in the attractive little resort of Cuernavaca, some seventy miles through the mountains from the national capital. Five years later her tranquil and prosperous life was interrupted by the revolution, which lasted almost a decade and left the towns and sugar *haciendas* of Morelos in ruins. It was only a part of a much larger movement which swept over the entire Aztec nation—one of the most significant revolutions since the close of the eighteenth century—and Mrs. King suffered along with numerous others, foreigners like herself as well as Mexican plutocrats who with their ancestors had exploited the Indians for almost four centuries. She not only had to abandon her property but she almost lost her life during a harrowing flight across the mountains to Toluca.

Since the author was an alert observer and knew intimately many Mexicans of all classes who conversed with her freely, the book is an historical document of considerable importance, but it is even more important as a literary production. Mrs. King has a keen sense of the dramatic, and the story is presented with a freshness, vividness, and tolerance which charm and captivate the reader.

The spirit of the work evokes sincere appreciation. Despite her losses and suffering, Mrs. King harbors no ill will toward the insurgent masses who were attempting to assert their rights and attain their freedom. Her sympathies are with the underprivileged and exploited. She fully appreciates the ideals of the revolution. Sitting amidst the ruins of her vanished fortune, she views the struggle in its proper perspective. "We were on the wrong side," she says—"cogs in the system that had enslaved free men."

J. Fred Rippy, professor of history at Duke University, is the author of "The United States and Mexico," and other books bearing upon Hispanic America.

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A. E.

BY MARY M. COLUM

"BE not merely a literary man," was Coleridge's advice to writers, and though A.E. often quoted this recommendation he himself could never have needed it. His intellect was so many-sided, he had so many gifts of mind and body that he had need of various outlets. In this country he was so well-known that it is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that he was a poet, a painter, a journalist, an economist, one of the founders of the Coöperative Agricultural movement, an agricultural organizer, one of the inaugurators of that movement known as the Irish Literary Renaissance, and one of the creators of modern Ireland. He mingled in all the activities of his country whatever form they took—politics, art, literature, education, the theatre, the labor movements. During the bitter and revolutionary Transport Workers' strike of 1913, he made a sensation by announcing from the platform in that beautiful voice of his "all the real manhood of this city is to be found among those who earn less than a pound a week." His sympathy with labor was not the literary attitude now common among writers, but of such a nature that the workers never regarded him as an outside sympathizer, but one of their spokesmen and councillors.

In appearance he was a prophet, a seer, the high-priest of some divinity. He was so remarkable looking that the sudden appearance in any assembly of this tall, strong, broad-shouldered, bearded man would give a thrill to the beholders. Generally he had a pipe in his mouth and was carelessly dressed. He would sometimes wear a dinner jacket, but in more formal attire I have never seen him. This was one of the many characteristics in which he contrasted with W. B. Yeats who dressed handsomely and conventionally and would even attire himself in that costume detested by artists—a silk hat and frock coat.

Though really belonging to what is called in the vocabulary of the moment, the petty bourgeoisie, A.E. was an aristocrat of aristocrats, with all those qualities that have been so impressively summarized by the Russian philosopher Berdyaev as marks of an aristocracy: he was magnanimous, he was unenvious, he was courageous, he had no prejudices, he was high-minded, he was a free being; he never took offence—never, anyhow, a personal offence though he sometimes showed a fury like a god in a rage at things said against his country or his countrymen. His open letter to Rudyard Kipling who had gibed at Irish nationalism was such a reproof and on such a large-minded plane that Kipling's reputation never recovered from it. On another occasion, when someone asked him what should be done with a correspondent of the Tory *Morning Post* who appeared to have been cabling mendacities to his paper, A.E. answered in my hearing, with a fearful flash in his eyes, "Lead him to the frontier and pitch him over." "But we have no frontier, A.E.; we have only the sea." "So much the better; pitch him into the sea." Yet one could say anything to him personally and he would hold no grudge. His devotion was to ideas and causes rather than to personalities, and in this again he differed from W. B. Yeats who has been greatly influenced by personalities and by personal devotions, and will fight for a person as eagerly as for an idea. Both were tremendous fighters as men of ideas and leaders of movements have to be, but whereas one felt that though he would fight to the bitter end, A.E. suffered in a fight, W. B. Yeats enjoyed every moment of it and was sorry when it was finished. To those familiar with the spirit of these fighters the nonsense sometimes penned about the dim twilight school and Celtic shadowiness is laughable.

A.E. labored constantly. Until later years he worked all day in the office of his weekly paper, first *The Irish Homestead* and then *The Irish Statesman*, both papers dealing with agriculture and the political affairs of the country. Then in the evening he would do his own work whether writing or painting, or go out to visit his friends. Before he came to this country, on our short return visits to Dublin, he would drop in almost every evening and talk endlessly about America which he had not then seen though he knew the classical American literature—Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman—better than any American I have ever met. America always fascinated him: he had a great interest in high buildings and towers—they represented something mysterious and Babylonian in his mind. He thought there was something titanic—and titanic in the original sense—in the minds of a people who created skyscrapers, and when he came he was not disillusioned. His poem on that subject has been widely quoted in the newspapers.

It was the custom in Dublin for people to be "at home" one evening in the week, and A.E. was at home every Sunday—it was his only free day. If one went every Sunday one met everyone of importance who ever visited Dublin, and heard the best talk on art and literature in the world. One learned all about how a poem was made, how a play was made, how a novel was made, and if one listened to the other side of the room one would have heard as much about painting. It was possible, too, to learn ways of marketing butter and eggs, because sometimes farmers for whom poetry and painting were strange worlds came in to talk to A.E. the agricultural organizer; sometimes one of these would pay a few pounds for one of A.E.'s paintings—he never charged more than a few pounds—and walked off with the canvas wrapped up in a newspaper. The few farmers who came in to that picture-littered room looked very different from the others present: they wore tweeds like everybody else, but their coats had tails and there were pockets in these tails out of which a handkerchief would be half-falling out. Again one noted the difference between A.E.'s house and W. B. Yeats's. A.E. liked to have every sort of person in and was aware of no difference between the mind of a woman

Disraeli

A.E.—*Photographed on his New York visit this year.*

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and the mind of a man; W. B.'s guests were selected: one could not bring any chance-met acquaintance into his house as in to A.E.'s; one could not go oneself without invitation. In A.E.'s one talked on draughts of tea or coffee, but in W. B.'s, one's tongue was loosed on sherry. Yeats would sometimes have evenings for men only; this would have seemed to A.E. as curious as it would have seemed to a Frenchman.

A.E.'s paintings were mostly landscape with fairy-like figures; on rare occasions he would paint a portrait of one of his friends or of someone with whom he liked to talk. Once he painted my portrait—chiefly, I think, because he wanted to get off a few remarks about modern poetry. He discoursed so much on the subject that I had some difficulty in getting a word in edge-wise, and found the best way of intervening was to whirl off some strange piece of poetry; he knew no language except English, and I thoroughly enjoyed rattling out verses in French or German. It was for this reason, perhaps, that he gave me a large mouth in the portrait as well as wild red hair (though I had taken pains to have a fingerwave). "Why have you given me such a large mouth, A.E.?" I asked. "Well, you see, a mouth is very important in a portrait and as nature gave you practically no mouth, I had to invent one for you." And then he would say, "How nice it is to be able to leave nature out." His was never the biting Dublin wit, but had always something affectionate and whimsical in it so that one remembered it like a caress.

In the last year or two of his life and during his visit to America last winter he was not the same old A.E.; his gaiety and whimsicality had gone; the cancer that killed him was already gnawing at his vitals; some he had loved deeply were dead, and those who had formed his circle for so long were dropping away one by one. That circle had remained intact and almost the same for two decades. Nothing seemed to change. And then, suddenly, everything changed: death claimed Alice Stopford Green, George Moore, Stephen MacKenna, Horace Plunkett, Susan Mitchell, and A.E.'s wife, Violet; others emigrated. The generation to which I belonged was not so many-sided or so large-minded as that older generation; the still younger generation had little in common with that older group for whom a self-governing Ireland had been the vision of a promised land; they had grown up in a country whose history began with the war; many of them did not care about A.E.'s poetry, and one of the reasons for this was undoubtedly that for A.E. poetry only expressed one facet of his mind, and he wrote in the same way on the same subject all his life long.

But, after all, few poets have more real poetry in them than would fill a small volume, and a small volume of A.E.'s poetry is bound, even increasingly, to be a treasured possession. There is in this poetry more of the incantation, of the magician who was the primal poet, than there is in any poetry that the modern reader is likely to come to. He never put any other music in his poetry except the music of an incantation. For that reason a great deal of the criticism of A.E.'s poetry is beside the point: he is not fastidious in his choice of words as Yeats is, nor is his language the language of ordinary speech as of so much modern poetry. It is the language of a chant uttered in some temple to monotonous music. But how deep is the emotion he could get into the chant.

KING ALBERT AND THE ROYAL FAMILY AT ST. MORITZ
From "Albert and the Belgians."

Every Inch a King

ALBERT AND THE BELGIANS. By Charles d'Ydewalle. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

TWENTY-ONE years ago this current July the massive figure of Albert, King of the Belgians, suddenly became familiar to the whole wide world. *Punch* pictured him standing like a lion confronting the sneaking and vicious caricature of the Kaiser with words memorable then, when the invasion of Belgium was news and the "scrap of paper" was a symbol of German dishonor. "Heroic Belgium" and "gallant King Albert" were terms that lingered through a long war, and the monarch and his wife living near the trenches at La Panne continued to fire the imagination and to command the admiration of the Allied publics.

With the coming of peace the perspective changed slowly. Never did Albert do anything that was small, petty, self-seeking. To the end he was every inch a king, and there were an unbelievable number of inches to him. Yet, like so many others of the war era, he never seemed quite to measure up to his legend. Shy, self-conscious, suspicious, he was always harassed by the conviction that his people did not love him. Little by little they became estranged one from the other. The visitor who returned to Brussels half a dozen years after the close of the war could not fail to mark the distance which separated the monarch from the masses.

Albert was given neither to friendships nor to enthusiasms, his phrase was caustic, his mood misanthropic. "A good book could be written on the advice Leopold I, Leopold II, and I have given our ministers, and they have not followed," he said once. He suffered as a constitutional king as Poincaré, whom he liked, suffered as a constitutional president. In the end, when a fall from a crag above the Meuse closed his career, the world remembered Albert only for his great moment, when the Kaiser demanded and he refused an undisputed passage for the German army setting out for Paris and destined to arrive at the Marne. The news of his death awakened surprise that he was still alive.

Charles d'Ydewalle, a young journalist of Brussels, has told the story of Albert in such fashion as to solve something of the riddle. He loved his king, he believed him to be a great man, but, although touched by affection, his pen is fatally exact in its portraiture. It explains why the sovereign for whom duty was always the dominant consideration was never able to enlist the enthusiasm of a people whom he served with distinction and even devotion.

Frank H. Simonds is one of the best known of American foreign correspondents and the author of a number of books on international relations.

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The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

Boundary Lines

ONE of the things I'd like to do this summer would be to have another look at the Canadian border. I've never forgotten the glimpse of it we had two years ago in a vehicle called the Little Goat. I call her that not only because she's nimble on hills; it's the translation of the French name of her well-known make.

I've got a particular reason for wanting to re-examine the Canadian boundary line. Like Thoreau, I also have been putting up a hut in the woods, out on Long Island. I'm a collector, and I need a place to collect my thoughts. I met a delightful French Canadian carpenter and woodsman from the State of Maine, who had been out of work and said he'd build it for me.

In the old days, in our rustic suburb, there were no rules and regulations of any kind. You could stick up anything, from a henhouse to a landlord, and no one would be surprised. But while we were living in town, a couple of years ago, the Salamis Estates secretly turned themselves into an Incorporated Village. That means we have a zoning law and building ordinances of our own. Fred the carpenter and I had got our shack pretty well along before we discovered that we had transgressed all the rules and were well over an imaginary latitude known as the Building Line. And my neighbor Mr. Larry Nielsen, building inspector of the Salamis Estates, out for a stroll one evening, was shocked and embarrassed to see a half-finished building for which he had issued no permit.

Embarrassment was universal. Fred and I quit work pending a meeting of the Board of Appeals. The Italian mason from another (and probably more venal) village was heartbroken to discontinue in the middle of building the chimney, of which he is justly proud. "Beelding inspec?" he exclaimed. "You feex. He just wanta da greft."

Fortunately the Village Clerk, Mr. Phil Hodge, is a book publisher; I explained to him that I had innocently chosen that particular spot because it was as secluded as possible; that I planned to plant poison ivy all around it to exempt it from public haunt; and I needed that exemption in order to do my reading for the Book of the Month Club. As he is the sales manager of *Anthony Adverse* I hoped this would move him.

Mr. Hodge sympathized, but said of course it must go to the Board.

So the first thing to do was to find out exactly how badly we had erred. Fred, the carpenter, is one of those fellows who can do anything. He said he had an old transit, and we would run a line along the boundary of my wood-lot to see exactly how close to the edge we were. And Larry Nielsen, whose honor was involved in this error of mine, came along to see fair play.

Photo by Sam Kravitt

DYMAXION BIRTHDAY (*see p.* 14)

I always supposed, in my simplicity, that to run a straight line was a simple thing to do. Well, you look up the title deeds and this is the sort of help they give you. I'm quoting exactly from the documents. "Beginning at a point in the westerly line of a highway soandso, distant 94.54 feet southerly from a monument at soandso, running thence on a curve to the left having a radius of 2436.20 feet and the chord of which curve bears south 26 degrees 4 minutes 10 seconds east and has a length of 89.30 feet a distance of 89.03 feet along the westerly side of said highway to a point; thence south 46 degrees 53 minutes 50 seconds west . . ."

There's plenty more of it, but I spare you. First, even supposing you find the monument—which is too imposing a name for a little concrete stub that's been buried in jungle for thirty years. Did you ever try to measure exactly 94.54 feet? And on a curve, too. Or to carry a string 2436.20 feet long on a straight line through all the neighbors' properties? It can't be done, at least not without their suspecting something is wrong. That string, if we had been too accurate with it, would have gone right through the bathroom of a neighbor's house. It was a hot day, and the lady was taking a bath. Chivalry comes before surveying. It looked sufficiently brazen the way we had the little telescope trained on her window. Fred kept trying to get a better focus, but finally said he thought the instrument really ought to go back to the maker for correction.

But shooting a straight line down the edge of the wood-lot was the real job. A lot of trees grow up in 30 years or so, and even a transit can't see through them. Fred said he thought he could get a clear shot if we rooted out some of the wild grapes; but I pleaded to save them; they were to be the privacy screen for the shack. In the matter of calculating angles Larry Nielsen believed the scale should be read clockwise, but Fred thought the other way. Since the whole boundary was only 202 feet (but quite bumpy) I thought we could do it well enough by pacing; and I privately decided to call perpendicular an angle they measured as 95° 10′.

Then we discovered another monument, under some more poison ivy, and decided to complete the survey with our piece of string. The string was pretty straight except where it went round the grape tree. I think we may have wobbled a little with the plumb line.

Before taking the results of our survey to the Board of Appeals we were having a cooling drink. How come, I asked Fred, that you happen to have a transit? Gee, boss, he said, "I was one of the gang that surveyed the Canadian boundary, all the way from the State of Washington to New Brunswick."

I've been looking again at the Canadian boundary on the map. It looks pretty simple, just a straight line and the Great Lakes, until you get near the State of Maine. When Fred got that near home, after his long trip all the way across, his hand certainly shook with emotion. If Canada has a few thousand square miles that really belong to us, or the other way round, I know just how it happened.

I READ IN my local paper, out on Long Island, that a sample of the new prefabricated house, what they call a "Motohome,"

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was opened in Garden City "with appropriate ceremonies." I've been wondering what those appropriate ceremonies were. John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home Sweet Home," was also a Long Islander. Perhaps a variation of his verses would have been suitable:

HOME, SUITE HOME

Mid pleasures and palaces though I may roam,
I know I get much better plumbing at home;
No termite can founder, no rust can corrode
My perfectly mechanized modern abode—
Home, home, prefabricate home,
When I see gadgets I know that I'm home.

Nuts to abbeys in England or castles in Spain,
O give me my chromium icebox again;
The instrument board on the living room wall,
And the motorized unit that takes care of all—
Home, home, my standardized home,
Be it ever so complex there's no place like home.

My dishes are washed at the throw of a switch
(If I only remember which throttle is which)
With soundproof partitions the children are hushed,
I can't even hear when the bathroom is flushed,
And when I return, Oh, how dear to my heart
Is each interchangeable factory part.

Grandmother has her aluminum chair
And blowers and fans have conditioned the air;
Scientific and perfect, efficiency's goal,
Are meter and rheostat, gauge and control—
But I'm out on a toot, and continue to roam:
When they all look alike, then there's none looks like Home.

The Green's Art Department is indebted this week to Sam Kravitt, the New Haven photographer, who came down to New York one hot day and found the Three Hours for Lunch Club celebrating the 40th Birthday of Mr. Buckminster Fuller, scientist and mystagogue, and inventor of the Dymaxion car.

(Looking up mystagogue, to be quite sure it means what we thought, we found next to it in Webster the word *mystax*, the finest definition we have ever seen of Hitler's moustache.)

In the picture, reading from L. to R., Messrs. Mitchell Kennerley, Hulbert Footner, B. Green, C. Cella, B. Fuller, Jack Crawford, Edmé Ziegler—and the thermometer, which at that moment registered 106° in the sun.

Then and Now, an attractive little volume collected from the files of the publishing magazine (*Now and Then*) issued by Jonathan Cape in London prints several superb quotations from poems by W. H. Davies. Mr. Monk Gibbon truly says that "Davies is going to outlast a good many contemporary reputations," and the bits Mr. Cape quotes help to prove it. For instance:—

There was a battle in her face,
Between a lily and a rose;
My love would have the lily win,
And I the lily lose.

And these lines, the opening of a poem called *Lamorna Cove*:—

I see at last our great Lamorna Cove,
Which, danced on by ten thousand silver feet,
Has all those waves that run like little lambs,
To draw the milk from many a rocky teat,
Spilt in white gallons all along the shore.

There are a lot of excellent things in this anthology of Cape's able publishing list. I'm amused by a remark of Mr. George Slocombe, writing about Sinclair Lewis. "The love of self-analysis is one of the most curious and perhaps one of the most admirable phenomena of modern America."

L. M. D., Montreal, writes her "first letter to the B. G. aften ten years' subscription." Mention here (April 6) of the old Monroe's Chart Primer recalled her own kindergarten days in the 90's.

"My search was rewarded," she says, "by the famous Primer itself, intact. The title page bears the imprint Cowperthwaite & Co., Philadelphia, and the copyright, Lewis B. Monroe, 1877, so it must have antedated your copy. The charts stand out before my eyes in all their grandeur as if seen but yesterday, though quite forgotten until recalled by your reference."

Another small gnome for the arts is a quatrain by E. B. White in his sparkling book of verses *The Lady Is Cold* (Harpers', 1929). It is called

CRITIC

The critic leaves at curtain fall
To find, in starting to review it,
He scarcely saw the play at all
For watching his reaction to it.

—E. B. WHITE

Can Sociology Become a Science?

(*Continued from page 4*)

the scientific sense) development of the rest of the world.

On the other hand, the experiment being conducted through the Tennessee Valley Authority to determine the efficiency of public versus private generation and distribution of electric power, has been carefully planned so as to have a much higher degree of scientific control.

So far as social experimentation by governments is concerned, the regional method appears to be the best. A region of adequate size is selected in which one particular social factor or combination of factors is put into effect. The rest of the country serves as the control. Or of course, two or three components of a combination of factors can be tested out by an experiment involving several regions. In this way, a wide range of social factors could be brought to experimental test—education, diet, traffic regulation, power generation, public ownership or operation of this or that utility, birth control in relation to health, morality, and population growth, individual organization, family allowance, and so on.

Of course a great deal of haphazard experiment has been done in all these fields. The point is that to approach any scientific criterion, great pains must be taken both in planning the experiment, and in arranging for the critical evaluation of its results. Meanwhile, the critics of social science are right in pointing out that experiments in this field can never be so rigorous as in natural science.

However, the fact that the scientific validity of social experiment is limited, leads us to our last and most important point—the need for social science to formulate its methods.

In the first place we must get accustomed to thinking about the principle of causation in rather a different way from that familiar in natural science. Leaving aside philosophical difficulties, we are often able to say in physics or chemistry

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CRIME AT NORNES *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Murder and clever jewel robbery keep Chief-Insp. French on jump from England to Continent.	Clever basic idea, vast amount of ingenious tracking, and satisfactory, if rather long expected, ending.	Good Hunting!
MURDER AT THE OLD STONE HOUSE *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Rich old woman, who deserved it, gets shot; Tishlike spinster Jane Edwards helps city police find killer.	Amusing dialogue, good characterization, but so much of it that action often drags.	Slow but good

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or physiology that something is *the* cause of something else. It is perfectly reasonable to say that the gravitational attraction of the moon and sun is the cause of the tides, or that *Bacillus pestis* is the cause of plague. When we consider the matter carefully, however, we see that we can only do this because we can isolate the reacting system involved, either in thought or by means of experiment, so that we can for all practical purposes exclude other factors which might have an effect on it.

With human affairs, however, it is all but impossible to do this. They are alarmingly complex, and non-recurrent. Any system which can be isolated for study or control contains a large number of causative variables all of them capable of exerting a considerable effect. We therefore can no longer speak of A being *the* cause of X. It is *a* cause, together with B, C, D, etcetera. We must, in fact, train ourselves to think in terms of multiple causation. Usually this is not done, and the idea of single causation is dragged into the social sphere. Bad heredity is the cause of crime: bad environment is the cause of crime. And so on. We must beware of reasoning thus. Bad heredity is *a* cause of crime: but so is bad environment.

And as well as multiple causation, we must think in terms of multiple effect. A single change introduced into a social system can never be evaluated in terms of a single effect. In discussing Prohibition, it was of negligible value as an argument to confine yourself to the fact that working class earnings had increased. A measure of such scope was bound to have equally important effects on other aspects of life. A, B, C are partial causes of X—but also, in varying measure, of Y, Z, etcetera.

To get full value out of social science, it is essential that the public shall be able to grasp the ideas of multiple causation, and multiple effect, and that the sociologists themselves shall develop a technique—by way of partial correlation and the like—for handling such ideas in scientific practice.

Another important reform of principle will be the dropping of abstract terms such as *justice* or *truth* in sociological discussion, or at least seeing to it that they shall never be used without defined content, as if they had any absolute or unchangeable meaning.

Natural science, on its rebirth after the end of the Middle Ages, had to do something similar. It had to rid itself of abstract principles, such as the principle of perfection (from which you could deduce that the paths of the heavenly bodies *must* be circular!), or the coexistent principles of lightness and heaviness existing in bodies (by which the scholastic philosophers could prove that Galileo must be wrong in saying that a light body fell as fast as a heavy one). Natural science learnt to use general terms such as mass, energy, evolution, which are condensations from experience, and have a definable content. Sociology too must (and can) learn to abandon the abstract and a priori and to develop terms and general ideas of a scientific type.

In a sense, however, the most difficult bit of methodology confronting social science is that of bias. I use the word in the most general sense, without any pejorative flavor, to denote the emotional and intellectual set, often quite unconscious, which no human beings, not even social scientists themselves, can avoid receiving from their personal and social environment.

Sociology must perfect methods of discovering the existence and nature of bias, especially when disguised or unconscious: further, of allowing the investigator to discount his own bias, and finally, of helping the social experimenter to control the bias of others.

The discounting of bias on the part of social investigators is in principle similar to the minimizing of experimental error and personal equation in the natural sciences. We should expect to find, in the introduction to a good sociological paper, a statement as to how bias was so far as possible discounted. Further, so far as possible, the social scientist should aim at expressing his results in objectively expressible criteria, on which a reasonable consensus of agreement can be reached; and wherever possible the criteria should be in terms of multiple effect.

Once this has been attained, sociology can pay attention to the other and practically more important objective, of studying bias in others with a view to its control. This obviously means a close linking of deep psychology with social science. But the importance of the study is obvious when we see the kind of social problems arising out of it—problems that up to the present have received no solution, either theoretical or practical.

For instance, granted that public opinion and enthusiasm is of fundamental importance in social affairs, how is it to be best and most efficiently regulated? When does propaganda defeat its own ends? Is it inevitable that each generation shall, broadly speaking, react against some of the dominant ideas of the generation before? How much can be done by psychological means, and how much must remain to be done by altering the economic and other machinery of society?

However, I can still hear the objections of the purist from the natural science side of the fence, objecting that this is all very well, but that his fundamental objection still remains—namely that the existence of bias and the lack of agreement as to values will always prevent the attainment by the social sciences of anything that can be called scientific truth, or of any objective criteria that will be generally accepted by all normal men.

This is a grave objection, and I think it can only be met in one way. Science inevitably has a dual aspect: under one aspect it is an approach to truth, under another a means to control. In social science we are driven to stress the operational, practical side: the knowledge we gain not only can help us towards control, but can best be judged by the efficiency (in no mere mechanical sense) of the control which its application makes possible. *Solvitur operando* should be the motto of social science.

This has been stressed by Marx and Lenin and other Marxist writers, who have approached the philosophy of science from the social end: and if they have tended to overemphasize the principle in regard to the natural sciences, they have done a real service in regard to the social sciences.

We must, unless we are mere defeatists, take the view that it is possible to achieve a control of social destiny, more intelligent in its methods and more desirable in its results than anything we have today. If so, then here as in other fields, knowledge will help us towards control. This is, to my mind, the foundation on which social science can be justified: in so far as it accumulates social knowledge along scientific lines, it provides the basis for better and more efficient social action.

And this leads me to one final point. The very complexity of social affairs is a signpost to an improvement in scientific method. Society is so integrated that we can never get the same simple answers to our questions as we can to those about nature. But this integrated complexity which fills the physicist with hopelessness can be an inspiration to the sociologist. He sees that he can only meet integration without by means of integration within. He needs to devise better methods of coordination, both in regard to scientific research and in regard to taking action on the basis of research accomplished.

He can take heart from the biologist, who will tell him that in the course of the evolution of the nervous system, the early steps were in the direction of improving the separate avenues of knowledge via the sense organs, and the separate mechanisms of efficient action via the instincts. But the machinery for integrating knowledge in relation to experience, and for integrating action on the basis of this knowledge, was the last and apparently the most difficult step for evolving life.

Already a movement is on foot for integrating the different branches of scientific research. Sociology can only succeed if it pushes the machinery of scientific integration on to a new level. But if it does this, it will have done a great deal towards converting science from a series of isolated social nerve-centres into what it should and might become—a real brain for society.

Julian S. Huxley, grandson of the great scientist and brother of the novelist, Aldous Huxley, is one of the outstanding biologists of Great Britain.

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Colorful Tribe

THE CROW INDIANS. By Robert H. Lowie. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

DR. LOWIE has demonstrated, in his "Primitive Religion" and in other writings, that he is able to surmount the massing of his own data to reach the levels of philosophy, the aids in understanding mankind, which are the purpose of anthropological research, and which all too often the students of that bewildered science lose completely from view. So naturally, one expects a book by him, devoted to the great Plains tribe which he has studied so intimately, to be of unusual interest. The Crow Indians were one of the finest of those colorful tribes, horsemen, tipi-dwellers, coup-counters, warriors, hunters, whose glamour and bravery colored the play of all our boyhoods. A scientist who can write, who has lived extensively among them, puts out a book which is to appeal to "anthropologists not primarily specializing in the Plains area; sociologists, historians, and other social scientists eager to grasp the varied patterns of human societies when not deterred by an overabundance of technicalities; and last but not least, the laymen who are interested in aborigines as human beings." It ought to be good.

An introduction well worth reading gets one off to a lively start. It also presents the unusual factor of a scientist who knows what the limitations of his knowledge are, how inevitably exterior is his view, and who does not, unlike most of our ethnologists, deceive himself with the idea that human beings can be understood completely by merely observing their phenomena, or recording second-hand descriptions of their habits. A modest scientist, conscious of fallibility, is a godsend.

Thus one starts at the main body of the book with high hopes. The layman, with whom we are concerned, will come a nasty cropper unless his interest in technicalities, and his preparation for them, is such as to elevate him (or is elevate the right word?) out of that class. Instead of a coherent, mentally digested and shaped perception of a group of human beings, presented clearly and backed by detail, we find successive chapters which are little more than orderly compilations of details, leaving the whole view to be extracted by the reader. Dear old unity, coherence, and emphasis seem to have been forgotten.

Here is a living people, full of contradictory customs and ideas, as all people are. It is not enough to record the contradictions, and submerge the reader in cumbersome kinship-terms; he needs and rightfully expects the key to the whole. So, too, he has a right to expect something of Crow history, their present status — are they starving or well-to-do? What was it the government did to break up the tobacco ceremony? What is their possible future? What are the young men like?

An anthropologist will have a good time with this book. He will find it much better written than most such studies, more intelligibly presented, and he will pretty surely classify it as "popular." That word, of course, does not mean to a scientist that a book is to enjoy any popularity, it merely signifies that the reader is spared some minutiæ, that some selection has been exercised, and an attempt been made at interest other than that inherent in sheer data.

A layman, I greatly fear, will find it hard sledding. If Tribal Organization does not get him, Kinship and Affinity will. It is almost impossible to make a full description of a kinship system interesting. The chapter analyzing Crow literature will raise hopes again, but the three following, which present samples of the same, will dash them to the ground. The

A CROW COUPLE
White-Hip and his wife. From "The Crow Indians."

fault lies, I feel, largely in the presentation. The paragraphing, and closeness of translation, are such as to make it really difficult to follow the mere sense of the tales, and the English is cumbersome in spots. In a work of this kind, that could have been corrected, and these reasonably good stories given a chance to prove their worth.

The latter part of the book goes better. All of it is filled with information, sometimes very curious, sometimes of noble things, which stick in the memory afterwards. If one takes the trouble to go through it, one will receive in return a slightly confused picture of a people, admirable in many ways, human, and thoroughly likable, whose concept of life is staggeringly, brain-stretchingly, unlike our own.

Oliver La Farge, known to the lay public as the author of "Laughing Boy" and other stories of Indian life, is an archæologist and ethnologist who has spent much time in the field.

Collector's Handbook

EARLY AMERICAN BOOKS & PRINTING. By John T. Winterich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES F. HEARTMAN

THIS book must be added to the many books about books which confine themselves to a restatement of previously known facts. It deals with a subject rarely touched by bookish writers, and is the only work available which contains a coherent narrative of early American printing. Since it describes also the early European Americana prior to the introduction of printing in the United States, gives chapters to newspapers, magazines, American poetry, fiction, drama, the pioneer records of the Middle West and California, etc., etc., it may easily be seen that it is an account sufficiently complete and comprehensive to render valuable assistance to every collector fascinated by what I used to call the *hobby supreme*. The book is interspersed with personal reflections drawn from a wide experience. Some of these remarks constitute perhaps the most valuable part of the volume.

Mr. Winterich's greatest handicap, of course, is limitation of space. Americana is so vast a subject and its ramifications are so manifold that it would require at least three volumes of the size of his to do its subject even partial justice. Mr. Winterich deals sufficiently with the New England Primer without, however, mentioning the large number of non-New England Primers of which at least one, the Royal Primer, won great distinction. The immense number of children's books and chap books which were published should have been dealt with in some manner, particularly since material was made available through Dr. Rosenbach's famous volume on his own collection. Phillis Wheatley might have received more than a passing mentioning, especially since she aroused the interest of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and others. In the statistical survey of American literature, Albert E. Bieber's efforts in behalf of American poetry would have added additional information. In the chapter dealing with gentlemen of the press, Harris's *Publick Occurrences, 1690,* is considered the first American newspaper. There are those who think *The Present State of new-English Affairs* of 1689 should be given this honor.

What I am afraid will turn out to be, in the future, the greatest handicap under which the book labors is the subject of American Printing. Mr. Winterich has made excellent use of all available sources, except the unpublished ones, and this is where I think he will receive many a jolt within a year or two. The investigations of Mr. Douglas C. McMurtrie and his associates, to be published in a year or two resulted in the uncovering of so many new facts as to make most of the standard authorities on the subject practically useless. However, for the time being, Mr. Winterich's volume is the best handbook on the subject.

Charles F. Heartman has for many years been one of the leading collectors of and dealers in Americana.

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The Bargaining Power

LABOR AND THE GOVERNMENT. Edited by Alfred L. Bernheim and Dorothy Van Doren. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLTON OGBURN

THIS book, representing an extensive study by the Twentieth Century Fund, Inc., is published at a time when the interest in the role of government in labor affairs is heightened by the enactment of the Wagner National Labor Relations Act. The survey it embodies, which was conducted by an able research staff, deals with collective bargaining and government intervention in labor relations. Discussion of the latter subject is partly historical, going back to colonial days and touching upon Federal legislation on railway labor and the government's role in labor regulation during the war. The book is largely a review of the activities of the N.R.A. and the boards dependent on it in labor matters. The first and much smaller part of this study deals with collective bargaining through a discussion of trade union organization, structure, and activities, employers' associations, and company unions.

Knowing the reputation of the Fund sponsoring this work, one is justified in expecting a discriminating and discerning study, but this hope is not fulfilled by a careful perusal of its 413 pages. The book is superficial, sketchy, and elementary. It is even slightly inaccurate in some of its facts. Otherwise it might be an acceptable reference book.

The fight of labor to organize, to have a voice in fixing its own wages and hours of work, is filled with drama. It is exciting and thrilling. This book manages to miss that drama. One outside the movement will doubtless find it dull.

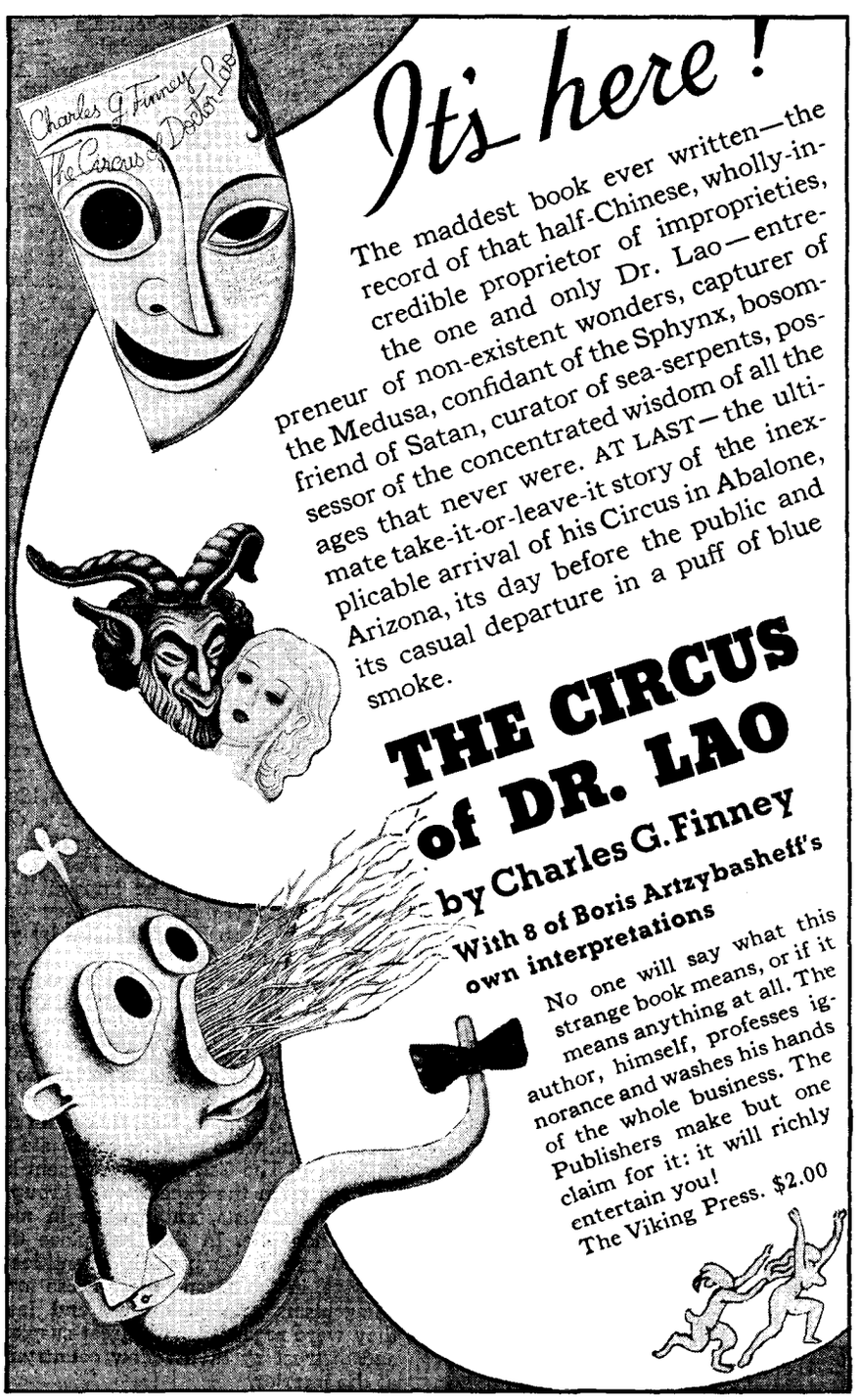
Collective bargaining is simple and yet fundamental. The authors apparently understand the import of collective bargaining in employer-employee relations, and its bearing upon the prosperity of this country, but their definition is inadequate, and this may account for a phase of their treatment of company unions as a means of collective bargaining. One of the best parts of the study, however, is the analysis of company unions, which compels the conclusion "that company unions and representation plans do not in fact strengthen the bargaining power of employees" as the most tenable of the theories on which employer support can be explained.

A study of company unions by the National Labor Relations Board shows the device of company unions without the mask, as contained in this illuminating statement:

> The company union . . . does not appear as a separate entity, or organism, but rather as a device, one of a series of manœuvres in the general capital-labor conflict. In that one respect it is like the labor union. The labor union is a device of, by, and for labor. The company union is a device of the company . . . There are no insurmountable differences between the company and the company union. There may be no differences at all.

Inherently the company union is a *dividing* device. It divides, first, from employees in other companies or industries; second, from employees in other plants or departments of the same plant.

As a real study of the American labor movement, even limited to the relation of government to labor, the Twentieth Century Fund survey is inadequate. The only labor movement in the United States, aside from the railway brotherhoods, is the American Federation of Labor. (Four of the railway brotherhoods, as well as other railway labor, are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.) The preponderant importance of the American Federation of Labor far outweighs its numerical strength. Millions of workers, afraid for their jobs to join it, look to the Federation for guidance. The Twentieth Century Fund fails to give credit to the American Federation of Labor for what it is, for what it has done, and for what it is capable of doing. They merely repeat in paraphrased language the current criticisms of the American Federation of Labor by a number of vocal theorists who know nothing whatever about the real achievements of the Federation, the obstacles to its progress it has had to overcome and is having to overcome, and what its problems are. The American Federation of Labor is typified in its President William Green, who is chief


Charles G. Finney
The Circus of Dr. Lao
It's here!
The maddest book ever written—the record of that half-Chinese, wholly-incredible proprietor of improprieties, the one and only Dr. Lao—entrepreneur of non-existent wonders, capturer of the Medusa, confidant of the Sphynx, bosom-friend of Satan, curator of sea-serpents, possessor of the concentrated wisdom of all the ages that never were. AT LAST—the ultimate take-it-or-leave-it story of the inexplicable arrival of his Circus in Abalone, Arizona, its day before the public and its casual departure in a puff of blue smoke.
THE CIRCUS of DR. LAO
by Charles G. Finney
With 8 of Boris Artzybasheff's own interpretations
No one will say what this strange book means, or if it means anything at all. The author, himself, professes ignorance and washes his hands of the whole business. The Publishers make but one claim for it: it will richly entertain you!
The Viking Press. $2.00

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spokesman for all labor in the United States, organized or unorganized. The name of Mr. Green is not once mentioned in the 413 pages of this book.

The authors, however, have enough perspicacity to see the importance of collective bargaining and what it can do in bringing about a great increase in the welfare of American workers and the prosperity of the country as against the accomplishment of vague humanitarian and utopian activities. The special committee of the Fund makes recommendations based on the results of the study by the research staff, but falling short of the implications in that study. The gist of these recommendations is that employers should not interfere in the self-organization of their employees. This is a mild and conservative enough recommendation. It is in the Railway Labor Act. To make it the general Federal law, the Wagner Bill was introduced in Congress in February, 1934, and again in February, 1935, and is now the law. Some of the other recommendations of the committee would tend to hamstring collective bargaining instead of enhancing it, and if put into the laws recommended would nullify the very objectives the authors seek to have attained.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to a cursory review of the decisions of the various government labor boards appending from the N.R.A. and of code-making and the code labor provisions and enforcement thereof. The decision of the Supreme Court holding the codes unconstitutional by no means impairs the value of this part of the book. The same problem discussed will arise again in the expanding role of government in labor affairs.

No more important phase of the Roosevelt Administration has developed than its relation to labor. Those desiring a knowledge of this vital subject should include this book in their reading.

Charlton Ogburn, counsel for the American Federation of Labor, was formerly counsel and executive secretary of the Federal Electric Railway Commission.

The Crime at Nornes

By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS

The famous Inspector French risks his life to unravel a million dollar murder in this well-written new mystery.

$2.00

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Travel in the Orient

AN EASTERN ODYSSEY. By Georges Le Fevre. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $3.50.

MEN AGAINST THE CLOUDS. By R. L. Burdsall. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $3.

DAWN OVER SAMARKAND. By Joshua Kunitz. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

ALTHOUGH these three volumes all deal with what we loosely term the Orient, no one of them impinges upon the territory of another.

Mr. Le Fevre pieces together in admirable fashion the achievements of the Citroen Trans-Asiatic Expedition. Under the joint leadership of Haardt and Audoin-Dubreuil, who in earlier expeditions had successfully spanned the Sahara and crossed Africa from west to east, its ambitious plans involved crossing from the Mediterranean by way of Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, India, and Central China to Peking. Its course was then to turn south to French Indo-China whence it once more was to reach India by way of Burma.

The Expedition was divided into two sections, which started almost simultaneously from Beirut and from Tientsin. The former was under the leadership of Haardt and Audoin-Dubreuil; the latter was commanded by Victor Poiret, a naval officer who had been stationed for a number of years in China. The two parties were to meet at Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan.

The Beirut group, once they had left the vale of Kashmir, found themselves confronted with a Herculean task in crossing the Himalayan passes. With indomitable spirit they worked their way to Gilgit. Colonel Vivian Gabriel of the British Army helped them with the natives in their transportation problems. They were obliged to build and repair trails, and more than once escaped only by the proverbial hair's breadth from plunging a thousand feet into the khud below. In one place they even had to disassemble their cars and transport them by coolie. From Gilgit on the Frenchmen realized that it would be impossible to drive or transport their cars, so they completed their journey to Sinkiang by yak and pony and porter.

Meanwhile the Tientsin section had met with many and varied difficulties. China, particularly the interior, was in a state of chaos. Permits given by the Central Government were by no means certain to be respected by the local authorities of the hinterland. Attempts, both successful and unsuccessful, were made to confiscate the equipment. The Central Government had imposed upon the expedition a group of Chinese scientists, an incubus in more ways than one. In the first place they turned up with impossible quantities of luggage, in the second there arose many antagonisms and jealousies, and lastly they were regarded with great suspicion and distrust by their fellow countrymen of the interior.

At long last, the two sections joined in the far interior of Central China, and turned toward Peking across the bitter cold and discomfort of the Gobi desert in Winter. Their projected return from Indo-China was abandoned owing to the death in Hong Kong of their leader Haardt who succumbed to double pneumonia.

"Men Against the Clouds" is the account of the plucky and successful assault of a group of young American mountaineers upon Minya Konka, a remote peak lying close to the Chinese Tibetan border in the province of Szechuan, which Joseph Rock, the well known botanist and explorer, was the first to suggest might be higher than Everest. Some years ago my brother and I passed it in our search for the giant panda, in company with Jack Young, born in Hawaii of Cantonese parents, who now returned with Emmons and Burdsall. His particular province was the collecting of big game, and he has contributed to this volume an exceedingly interesting appendix dealing with his work.

The book altogether is most interesting. Burdsall brings the expedition through its initial stages up to the shadow of the mountain where Emmons takes over. He tells his tale simply and vividly. The victory was not won without heavy cost, for Emmons's feet were severely frostbitten. Drawing from his own most unhappy experiences, he presents in the appendix the most comprehensive treatise on frostbite of which I know.

"Dawn Over Samarkand," while dealing with a country very similar to that traversed by Haardt in the Citroen Expedition, is an account of totally different kind. Dr. Kunitz, a correspondent of the *New Masses*, went to Turkestan apparently as the guest of the Soviet Union in a party consisting of Austrian, French, Norwegian, Polish, and American authors and journalists, all presumably with strong Bolshevist leaning. He cites many reference books, and undoubtedly studied the situation as closely as was possible at second hand, but does not appear to have obtained any great amount of first-hand information. His premise is that everything was abysmally wrong before the Soviet, but that now the pendulum has swung equally far in the other direction and conditions are in a fair way to be perfection. He quotes poetry, recounts conversation, and describes activities, but the result of his recapitulation is not convincing. Indeed Kipling's verses kept running through my mind:

> Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown,
> For the Christian riles, the Aryan smiles and he weareth the Christian down,
> And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased
> And the epitaph drear "A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East!"

Kermit Roosevelt, in "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," written in conjunction with his brother, Theodore, recounts his own experiences in the regions depicted in these books.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

REARRANGING the books of American poetry in my library the other day I ran across a small green volume called "The Marble Faun" (No, not by Nathaniel Hawthorne!), published in 1924 by the Four Seas Company in Boston. I suppose it is in the way of being a collector's item—because it is by a writer named *William Faulkner*, of Mississippi. These are primarily (to use the words of *Phil Stone* in his brief Preface) the poems of youth. In view of Faulkner's development as one of our leading realistic and even *macabre* novelists, these early verses of a Mississippian are quite interesting. They are so different from his prose! Naturally there is a certain amount of derivation, but there is also an honest simplicity in the work, which was written in the Spring of 1919, at the age of twenty-two. Mr. Stone's last paragraph of the Preface is worth quoting here:

> On one of our long walks through the hills, I remarked that I thought the main trouble with Amy Lowell and her gang of drum-beaters was their eternal damned self-consciousness, that they always had one eye on the ball and the other eye on the grandstand. To which the author of these poems replied that his personal trouble as a poet seemed to be that he had one eye on the ball and the other eye on Babe Ruth. Surely there must be possibilities inherent in a mind so shrewdly and humorously honest.

It turned out that there were. But not in the line of poetry, though more recently his publishers brought out a selected volume of Faulkner's poems. His reputation will always rest upon several of his extraordinary novels. Meanwhile abides this small book of his beginnings, delicate and sad and haunted by natural things.

In a limited, numbered, and autographed edition, *Don Farrand's* "Ballad of the Silver Ring" comes to me from the Prairie Press of Muscatine, Iowa. It is an odd, somewhat redundant poem, yet with a certain magic. It is all about riding to London to buy a ring for a girl named Trinti, falling in with highwaymen, and what came to pass.

In the poetry of *J. Corson Miller*, "Cup of the Years" (Boston: Bruce Humphries), you will find the work of a veteran poet who should be better known. If you ask me for evidence I point to poems like "The Moon in the Reeds" and "Patterns." Though a traditional poet who sometimes mars his verses with outworn or clumsy expressions, this third volume of Mr. Miller's has also certain lines of memorable beauty.

Helen & Bruce Gentry, well-known fine printers of San Francisco, have made an attractive book of "Poems, *et cetera*," by *David Greenhood*. There is not a great deal here that appeals to me, though an occasional phrase is very good. "Sondelius Came to the Mountains," by *Madeleine Ruthven* (Los Angeles: The Primavera Press), though a small paperbound book, seems to have more to it; interesting Southwestern narrative, particularly about one Hubert and his man, Salvador. Both these books are in a free verse, as the phrase has it, "neither new or difficult." One reads them chiefly for their human interest.

To come on *Willard Smith's* appreciation of Professor *Elias Olan James* of Mills College, California, in his introduction to "Thieves of Mercy," which was published in May of last year by the Eucalyptus Press of Mills College, is to recall *Kipling's* fine tribute to the teaching profession:

> *Let us now praise famous men, men of little showing,*
> *For their work continueth, and their work continueth,*
> *Deep and broad continueth, greater than their knowing.*

In his own foreword to the poem Professor James notes that "there are not a few unfinished stories in Shakespeare," and that Hamlet's sojourn with the pirates, alluded to in Act IV, Scene VI, was the "onlie begetter" of this particular poem. There Hamlet says:

> "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appearance gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour. In the grapple, I boarded them; on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did . . .''

The scene of the poem is "A waterfront tavern in a small port on the south coast of Devonshire," and the time "Six months or so after Fortinbras became King of Denmark." Sir Peter Cruikshank, one of the pirates, tells the tale in reminiscence of Hamlet's sojourn. The pirates might have taught the Prince "the understanding that is happiness."

The vehicle is blank verse, the chief influence Browning. It's not possible to miss it. But there is a vigorous zest to this curious and original tale in verse that I like extremely. I wish Professor James might have more time to indulge his veritable imagination, his shrewd wisdom, and his way with words. For he is indubitably a poet as well as a scholar, and could excise all influence if he wrote enough.

From the Bookmart of Amherst, Massachusetts, I am glad to have a copy of *George Meason Whicher's* "Amity Street." On page fifteen it contains a *ballade* most flattering to all of us on the *Saturday Review*. But more than that, it has a freight of various and amusing verse, both graceful and rollicking. And I very much like the poet's address to his book on the flyleaf:

> *Make good, dear Book, I've tried to make you clever;*
> *Don't mind the Highbrows; they can naught avail.*
> *Tickle the Crowd; and you will have forever*
> *One grand sweet sale.*

Sister M. Madeleva will be recalled by readers of this journal if only for her "I Will Remember Rahab," which we printed some time ago. I should advise Catholic readers particularly to procure her "A Question of Lovers," published by the St. Anthony Guild Press, Franciscan Monastery, 389 Main Street, Paterson, New Jersey. This poet is one of the most original devotional poets of our time. Her work is uneven, but every now and again there is a flash of insight or an implication that I find most satisfying. There is an Emily Dickinsonian touch, for instance, to the following observation, and yet it is entirely the author's own:

Reported Sunset

Who believes our report of this still event
Of sunset in casual silver spent
On the world's west wall, of silver intent
In the lake's long line, of silver lent
To the air for luster and deep content:
Who believes our report of this still event?

ALSO RECEIVED:

SPOILS. By Porter Sargent. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. $2.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA POETS: An Anthology, 1934-35. Anthology Publications, 902 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE FIRST HOUR. By James Oscar Garrett. Clyde C. Cockrell Co., Dallas, Texas.

MEDLEY OF LIFE POEMS. By Arthur Orison Dillon. The Foster Company, Inc. Los Angeles, California.

FLUTE IN THE DISTANCE. By Berta Hart Nance. The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas.

New Asey Mayo Mystery

Deathblow Hill

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The summer's best mystery story . . . with an old Cape Cod lighthouse as its setting . . . a knotted yellow scarf as the sole clue to the garotter of millionaire Carson . . . and Asey Mayo with his keen eye and dry Yankee humor to ferret out the criminal. First class hot weather reading.

$2. W. W. NORTON & CO.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

LOLLY WILLOWES. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. *Viking.*

ROMAN DAYS. By Percy Lubbock. *Scribners.*

FRANKLIN, THE APOSTLE OF MODERN TIMES. By Bernard Fay. *Little, Brown.*

On Book Reviewing

M. B. B. of Phoenix, Arizona, *writes me: "So very many of the women's clubs are stressing book reviews at the present time, and the average club woman is poorly informed as to the method—the general idea seems to be to retell the story. Why don't you give us some information as to the technique of book reviewing as it should be carried on by a club woman? Undoubtedly better reviewing would be a vital factor in book selling. I can't believe the public is apt to buy a book after hearing the entire story retold by the average woman, blessed with a memory, but few other qualities helpful in 'putting a book over.'"*

REVIEWING, of course, is an art and not a science and the directions for it vary with the purpose for which it is intended. I speak with hesitation as to what should be the proper manner for a review intended for club purposes since I have never been a member of such an organization, but I feel like shouting loudly "Hear, hear" to M. B. B.'s objection to the detailing of the plot of a novel. That, it seems to me, is the poorest method to pursue for a review of any sort, unless such a notice is intended for the express purpose of making its readers free of the necessity of reading a book in order to be able to talk of it.

On general principles I should say that a review that is to be read to a club would as a minimum requirement demand sufficient outline of the contents of the volume under consideration, whether it be story, history, or biography, to give an idea of its character, direction, and point of view but not enough to slake or discourage interest in the incidents of its narration. It should, I should think, present sufficient incidental discussion to permit the club to place the volume in relation to others in its field, both contemporary and earlier, something of the background of the author and of the trend and development of his work, and, finally of course, an evaluation in critical, though not academic, terms of the qualities of the book under review. Whatever can be introduced that is germane to the work and that will whet interest in it is legitimate material for inclusion in its discussion. What is cardinal sin in the more informal reviewing that club purposes demand as well as in the more measured notice which is designed for publication is lack of perspective, lack of detachment, and dulness. Which brings me back to where I began, for what could be duller than a plot recounted in detail?

The Magical Monarch of Mo

"A number of years ago—probably ten or twelve," writes *P.H.G. of N.Y.C.*, "I had in my library a book called THE MAGICAL MONARCH OF MO—and somehow or other it disappeared through the lending process. This particular book is essentially for children and although I am not aware of the author's name, I have searched in many of the children's sections of the public libraries. However, with no trace of same. Purely from the sentimental angle—and because I should like to have the book in my library, I am wondering if you can give me any information as to where I might locate it, and who published it."

By one of those coincidences which happen so often, the very night before P. H. G.'s letter reached me I had been dining with a small girl of nine and her parents, and the conversation turned on the book little Elizabeth had been reading, "The Wizard of Oz." "Do you know that, and isn't it swell?" she said. Swell, it certainly was as I remember it, and as succeeding groups of children serve to testify. It was written by L. F. Baum, who was the author, also of P. H. G.'s purloined volume, which, like THE WIZARD, was published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. If THE MAGICAL MONARCH OF MO is no longer to be had from them or a bookstore I'm sure our *Saturday Review* friend in need, Mr. Mendoza, will be able to secure it for P. H. G.

A Novel of Ireland

"Can you name for me," asks *H. R. A. of Troy, Ohio*, "an Irish novel of recent date that would be an interesting book to review before a club of three hundred members of quite dissimilar tastes? . . . I want something rather light, and, of course, well sprinkled with humor."

It seems to me that for so large a membership as H. R. A.'s club has, even though it may have a more serious undertone and less of the rollicking humor than appears in some, none of the very recent novels of Irish setting would be more rewarding reading than A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK (Viking), by Sean O'Faolain (whose name, by the way, is pronounced as though it were written Shawn O'Phelin). This is a story of three generations of simple Irish folk, living in the southwestern part of Ireland between the years 1854 and 1916, and is an admirable portrayal of the hardships, the excitements amid monotony, and the routine of living among an humble people. Shot through with the humor that is never wholly absent in a tale of the Irish, it has a deep seriousness that derives from the simplicity and toil of the life it depicts, and at the same time a lovable charm. Its hero, who has strong Fenian proclivities, spends a large part of his time in prison, which adds an element of tension to the tale. It is well worth the reading and affords opportunity for group discussion.

Annieanlouise

Helen L. Drew of Rockford College, Ill., apropos of my enthusiasm for THE BRUSHWOOD BOY, sends me a postcard saying: "I, too, have lived with him through the perils of that dream in the barracks in India and coming in from the day alone fishing in England to find the girl of the dream. As with you, I never see a 'widow's peak' without thinking of—not Miriam—but Annieanlouise. Am I wrong? I scorn to look it up until I have recorded myself to you."

And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right as right can be!

for Miriam was Annieanlouise grown up and emerged from dream life into a flesh-and-blood reality. Thus, Kipling:

"Late, as usual," said the mother." My boy, Miriam."

A tall girl in black raised her eyes to his, and Georgie's life training deserted him—just as soon as he realized that she did not know. He stared coolly and critically. There was the abundant black hair, growing in a widow's peak, turned back from the forehead, with that peculiar ripple over the right ear, etc. . . .

Parents' Assistant

Y. K. of Stamford, Conn., *asks for books regarding the bringing up of a child during the ages of six months to two years.*

When the infants of my own contemporaries came into the world their mothers all promptly equipped themselves with THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CHILDREN (Appleton-Century), by Luther Emmett Holt. That eminent pediatrician thenceforth became their god, and when anything went wrong with the babies the first resort was to him. Nowadays his reign seems disputed by Frederic Huntington Bartlett's INFANTS AND CHILDREN: THEIR FEEDING AND GROWTH (Farrar & Rinehart), which has chapters on cooking for children, in addition to those on contagious diseases, the common cold, emergencies, etc., which all such manuals contain. "A swell book," one of my associates here in the office pronounces it, and his own small daughter would do any physician's guidance proud.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 69)

ROBINSON JEFFERS—
"HOODED NIGHT"

I see the heavy granite bodies of the rocks of the headland,
That were ancient here before Egypt had pyramids,
Bulk on the gray of the sky, and beyond them the jets of the young trees
I planted the year of the Versailles peace.

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

A PANORAMA OF GERMAN LITERATURE FROM 1871 TO 1931. By Félix Bertaux. Translated with Bibliographies by John J. Trounstine. New York: Whittlesey House. 1935. $2.75.

At last a distinguished French scholar has written a spirited treatise on German literature from the close of the war in 1871 to yesterday. It is almost too good to be true. Nor is it true without modification or reservation. Professor Bertaux has written a sympathetic treatise; rare indeed is the case in which he denies a given German writer merit. But he makes every German stand or fall by comparison with whatever Frenchman is most like him. In the index of proper names, 329 writers are listed of whom only 229 are German, while 70 are French. Even these figures are misleading, for where many a German draws only one numeral some of the more important Frenchmen, such as Balzac or Zola, draw a dozen or more.

It hurts to say it, but it serves the Germans right. Around 1771 Lessing did splendid work by way of leading them away from the French; around 1871 Nietzsche led them back to the French at the same time that he accused his compatriots of becoming mellow before they ripened (*Fäulnis vor der Reife:* the remark was not original with him).

Moreover, this study is a tribute to Jewish as opposed to German writers. Bertaux states that the "importance" of Jewish "inspiration," which was "once recognized," is to be found in a "good deal more than half their literature." National Socialism and Hitlerism are mentioned once each, Hitler himself not at all. Women come off just as badly. We are told that there have been "many of considerable talent," but since they have created "nothing irreplaceable, they can well be omitted." Near the end Bertaux apparently repents of his rigor and mentions four, three utterly obscure, and Else Lasker-Schüler.

There are other omissions of an equally unusual nature. We have a chapter on naturalism in Berlin without a single reference to Max Kretzer, one of the founders of the movement and its chief champion. Apart from Friedrich Gundolf and a few others the critical writers are certainly not stressed. There is nothing of biography and hardly a page in all of plots. Four lines of verse are quoted, and these are from Victor Hugo. The index omits a number of leading names and wrongly enters others.

How can this treatise then be called a "panorama," which means, literally and otherwise, "all seen"? The answer is easy: Bertaux has swept his beacon-light over the whole field and located the landing places. With this done, the reader can easily find his way around, and with the best of intentions this cannot be said of some of the boggy books in German on the same period in which nothing is omitted, with the result that you cannot see the garden for the weeds. All told, his is a glorious piece of work, unconventional, stimulating even when in error, productive in its positive judgments, and eductive in its negative ones. Spengler, for example, is tossed aside as "stale," Count Keyserling as a "dilettante with the odor of the philosophers about him," and Emil Ludwig as one who "serves up dated sauce that smells of the cook's fingers." Only in a single spot does Bertaux run wild. He says Joseph Roth "teaches us more about bolshevism in ten lines than we can learn from ten volumes of ordinary investigations."

Mr. Trounstine's translation is excellent, and his bibliographies cannot be too highly commended.

A. W. P.

Fiction

DOUBTFUL JOY. By Elizabeth Jenkins. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.

The moral (perhaps unintended) of this tale seems to be that a man who aspires to be a devil among women will be most successful with young girls if he cultivates the qualities that appeal to their mothers. Captain Lionel Ackerly, retired, of the British Merchant Marine, nearing fifty, was so entertaining in the parlor, so competent in the kitchen, and so handy for odd jobs around the house that gently nurtured widows acquiesced in his seduction of their virgin daughters, and genuinely missed him when he moved on to the next girl.

It was Lily MacMillan who eventually landed him in honorable marriage, thanks to the intervention of a couple of gods from the machine who arrived with all the timeliness of the White Company turning up to save Sir Nigel Loring; but she found that possession of Lionel was a doubtful joy (though failure would have been worse) because she was so sorry for Ada, the wife who had got along badly with him for twenty years but loved him still. Miss Jenkins goes through Lily's successive states of mind with great subtlety and skill, and indeed succeeds admirably with all her characters except Lionel himself, the unwilling Casanova who always meant well but couldn't get along without a woman (almost anyone would do). Also she has a fine sense of atmosphere, the reaction of personality to background, and has managed to turn out a very good novel despite a creaking plot and an unconvincing leading man.

E. D.

ON WHAT STRANGE STUFF. By Elsa Bialk. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.50.

The author and the publishers make no secret of the fact that this book is concerned with seven young people who illustrate "on what strange stuff ambition feeds"—though in fact their ambitions feed on money, power, fame, or sexual pleasure, the commonest of food. The most interesting of them is Yorke Morrow, the daughter of poor and foreign-born parents who determines almost in childhood that she will be a writer, and shapes her life with single-minded determination to that end; she takes a new name and makes herself a personality to go with it, studies, practises, and at last feels, with complete self-confidence, that she is "ready."

Yorke is interesting, not in herself, but because one cannot help the sympathetic suspicion that she is a self-portrait by the author, and she shows how much can be accomplished by sheer determination—and, one fears, how little. "On What Strange Stuff" handles with perfect success all the mechanics of writing, and is a perfectly mechanical piece of work. To see this, one has only to take any sample of the seven plots; one need scarcely go beyond the summary which the book itself provides. It follows the fashion set by books intended for lending libraries in reprinting on a fly-leaf the jacket's account of the contents. The machine-parts are all fitted together, if not with extraordinary skill, at least with smoothness; the body is covered with a high grade of glittering varnish. That is all that can be said for the book, but it is more than can be said of many first novels. If its author brings to the study of people the same determination she seems to have applied to that of "plotting" she may produce a second novel worth reading.

B. D.

International

WAR CLOUDS IN THE SKIES OF THE FAR EAST. By Tom Ireland. Putnams. 1935. $2.75.

There is a headache in this book for Americans who know Far Eastern history and are proud of our "traditional friendship" for China. One hundred and fifty years ago Major Samuel Shaw, patriot, gentleman, and scholar, went to Canton on the *Empress of China,* the first vessel to carry our flag to the Orient, and convinced the Mandarins that Americans were different from other Western people. That eighteenth century impression has survived to the present for, although we entered trade along with other Occi-

(*Continued on next page*)

Would You Kill a Girl who Begged to be Killed?

YES? NO?

Read

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

By HORACE McCOY

S & S **Price $2.00**

CHINESE PROVERB: If a horse gets no wild grass he never becomes fat; if a man does not receive lucky help he never becomes rich—I am seeking a $20,000 personal loan; details on request. . . . Yes! I wrote the novel BACHELOR'S DAUGHTER recently published by DORRANCE. Hubert Madere, Hahnville, Louisiana.

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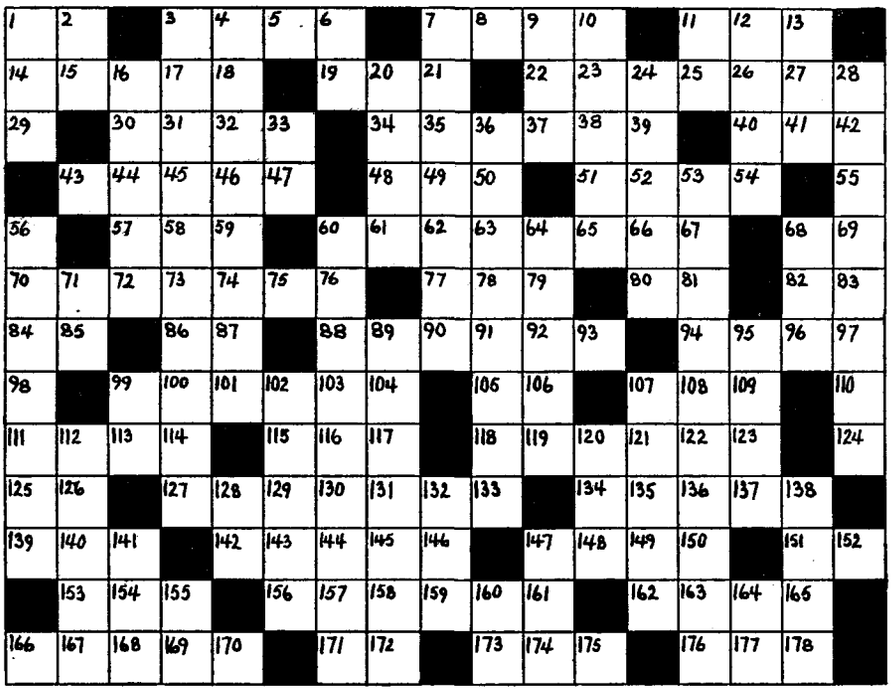
Double-Crostics: No. 70

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find by reading (from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Flattery, cajolery.

II. Unburned brick.

III. Character in "The Scarlet Letter."

IV. Outward attack or push.

V. Standard.

VI. Introduced from a foreign country.

VII. Not a model factory.

VIII. Floral symbol of Kansas.

IX. Rhythmical movement in Greek chorus.

X. Word of assent.

XI. Superficial.

XII. Carlyle was called its Sage.

XIII. Shakespearean villain.

XIV. Survey; judgment.

XV. Recurrent, periodic.

XVI. Expended profusely.

XVII. Psalm selection set to music.

XVIII. Relative.

XIX. Mother of Persephone.

XX. Courage.

XXI. Counteracts.

XXII. Clatter.

XXIII. Critically explained.

XXIV. Educated.

WORDS

156 143 164 11 117 52 47 100 30 109 130 141

142 126 75 171 65

88 154 55 169 138 80 78 60 42 49 76 57 174

122 129 173 13 4 146 31 92 67

116 128 61 84

160 35 86 107 45 127

66 162 85 136 105 32 148 12 15

166 90 125 87 9 140 7 172 50

168 139 153 83 134 99 161 71 16 108 175

18 28 131

104 58 124 10 137 152 110

38 135 59 170 56 155 77

101 115 103 106

72 27 62 118

119 69 39 114 98 24 8 64 82 43 102 144

17 5 44 68 120 163 37 26

14 177 151 167 25 123

70 145 36 1 132 21

79 93 150 97 51 54 112

53 34 6 158 133 149

89 48 81 29 2 159 113

22 73 3 33 95 41

94 40 19 111 74 63 147 176 121

46 23 165 96 20 91 157 178

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

dental powers, we took none of China's territory, and we waged no wars against her. We became the Big Brother of the Chinese, formulating the Open Door doctrine at the close of the nineteenth century, holding the benevolent Washington conferences in 1921-1922, and later championing a hands-off policy in Manchuria.

Pre-depression ideology made it possible for us to succeed in these measures. But now they are failing. Deserted by the powers that once supported our altruistic attitudes, the United States at the present time stands alone in the Western Pacific, a hated interloper and meddler, in imminent danger of attack. Mr. Ireland believes that not even England would support us in a war with Japan, and if she wouldn't help us in a war, who would?

While the United States has been holding out for non-recognition of Manchukuo, England and France have gone in and obtained large business orders. Apparently these countries are preparing to recognize Japan's puppet state and are laughing up their sleeves at us. Our position in the Far Eastern diplomatic set-up is fast becoming intolerable. We must change our policies, and that at once, or fight Japan. That is Tom Ireland's conclusion. Russia and Japan are resolving their difficulties; a tripartite commission, composed of delegates from Russia, Japan, and Manchukuo, has been formed to deal with frontier disputes. Here the Soviet indirectly recognizes Manchukuo. China is yielding to Japan's demands and the possibilities of a major conflict between those two countries appear to be diminishing. Thus, by the process of elimination, the United States is left as the most likely antagonist for Japan.

> From the new naval policy of Japan [Mr. Ireland declares] this country is at a serious parting of the ways. Is the United States to resist Japanese expansion in the Far East by war, or fully and forever to withdraw from the Orient its men, its ships, its guns, all of its power of control and all of its chances of investment and trade?

Desert China and our ideals, or fight Japan—that appears to be our dilemma.

V. D.

Miscellaneous

THE SUPREME LAW. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by K. S. Shelvankar. Dutton. 1935. $2.

When a mystic writes speculatively about science, he is likely to annoy the scientific type of mind. But speculation has its uses in broadening the range of possibilities, and freeing the mind from dogmatism. A well-written book of the sort M. Maeterlinck has aimed to write, poetic in imagination, philosophic, and understandingly critical, would have its place. Unfortunately the book before us is lacking in these respects. Apparently M. Maeterlinck has allowed his mind to dwell on the Newtonian view of the world, with its infinite space and time, and every tiniest particle answering to every other by "the supreme law" of universal attraction, until it has become an essential part

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of his mental furniture. And he is petulantly indignant with the "fantastic theories of Einstein," that have challenged this sacred vision of things. The author's lack of fundamental scientific training leads him into a number of preposterous misunderstandings even of Newtonian mechanics. Einstein he declares impossible, because totally incomprehensible to him. Why should a man write a book to say that?

One wonders whether anything but the author's previous reputation is responsible for getting the book published and translated. The translator has added a few minor misunderstandings. M. Maeterlinck's vision of an infinite universe has its emotional appeal, but even in this he falls short of the startling effect of a casual passage of Anatole France, in which France conjectures that perhaps all our stellar system, with its stars and milky ways, may, all together, be but a drop of lymph in the body of some insect dwelling in a world unimaginably great.

H. T. C.

Brief Mention

Middle-aged readers who can remember when James Lane Allen was a name to arouse enthusiasm and who read such books as *The Kentucky Cardinal* with unabashed enjoyment of their sentimentality will find considerable to interest them in Grant C. Knight's *James Lane Allen and the Genteel Tradition* (University of North Carolina Press: $2.30), the first full-length biography of the Kentucky writer. Mr. Knight, since he accords his author so much space necessarily includes much unimportant detail, and the doubt will not down that neither Allen's art nor his experiences warranted discussion at such copious length. However, the book should prove useful to delvers in American literary annals. * * * Another work which has a highly special appeal, more limited indeed than the preceding volume since its interest will be only for the mountain climber, is *Where the Clouds Can Go* (American Alpine Club), edited by J. Monroe Thorington. This is the autobiography of Conrad Kain, an Austrian whose ascents were made not only in his own country, but in Switzerland, Canada, and other lands of towering peaks. * * * Those who take their nature in gentler mood than Alpine climbers will find instructive John F. Leeming's *The Garden Grows* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50), a description of how an English couple under the advice of an expert converted a few acres of flat land into a luxuriant and artistic garden, and William B. Werthner's *Some American Trees* (Macmillan: $5), an intimate study of the native trees of Ohio which, since most of them are scattered throughout America, has a wider application than their locale alone would suggest. * * * Among a miscellaneous collection of recent publications readers with a taste for Americana will pick out *Stage-Coach Days in the Bluegrass* (Louisville, Ky., Standard Press: $2.50), by J. Winston Coleman, Jr., which in addition to modes of transportation depict old inns of Kentucky, and Charles H. Carey's *A General History of Oregon* (Portland, Ore., Metropolitan Press: $3.50), the first of a prospective two volumes of detailed record.

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(As Kipling said)

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

DON Q., particularly in hot weather, gets impatient with bibliophiles who are too cute. With a thrill of horror he received from North Carolina a publication that subtitles itself "A Bookish Magazine for Regular Booksters." ☞Occasionally pedantic old Q. is asked how old he really is. He is exactly the same age as Sergio who tends bar so skilfully at that delightful little restaurant (headquarters of the old Grillparzer Sittenpolizei-Verein) at 20 East 13 Street. If Sergio will tell you, we don't mind. ☞Which reminds us, how is the eminent Dr. Arnold Genthe, founder of the Grillparzer Club, getting on with his autobiography; which should be a book of great interest? ☞Ditto Felix Riesenberg?

☞Random House refers to Morley Callaghan's *They Shall Inherit the Earth* (coming in September) as "the first novel published by Random House in the eight years of its existence." Where does this leave *Ulysses* and *Remembrance of Things Past?* ☞Dutton describes Annulet Andrews's *Melissa Starke* as "a novel of the old South . . . still selling in that part of the country." Being read, no doubt, by the characters of *So Red the Rose.* ☞Mr. Linscott of Houghton Mifflin gives us some interesting dope on the sales of the grand old *Rubaiyat.* He writes:

SIR:—Your note on the "Rubaiyat" set me digging among old records for new light on the rise and decline of a popular classic.

Our first version was the Red Line which we took over from Osgood in 1880 (they had published it three years earlier). In that year we sold 170 copies. Five years later it was selling at the rate of 1,000 copies a year. In 1898, it touched its peak with a sale of 1,797. By 1905, the average was 250 a year; by 1910, 75 a year; and by the 1930's, 10 a year.

The Vedder editions, brought out in 1885, were too expensive to reach those figures but we sold out a De Luxe Edition of 100 copies at $100 each, and managed to dispose of 1,449 copies of the Folio Edition at $25; 1,769 copies of the Quarto Edition at $12.50; and 11,670 of the Popular Edition at $5. The last of these lingered on to 1931 in which year we sold six copies.

In addition we disposed of nearly 8,000 copies of a Comparative Edition at $1.50 and sold out a Riverside Press Edition of 300 copies at $10 each within a few days of publication.

These sales are, of course, insignificant beside the carloads of little limp leather editions that used to flood the department stores. Does anyone still give these at Christmas?

R. N. LINSCOTT.

Boston, Mass.

☞Little, Brown has taken over *The Old Farmer's Almanac,* that magnificent bucolic encyclopedia which has been published continuously since 1795, and which, according to the publishers—it's news to Quercus—"is a prescribed textbook at Harvard, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, and many other universities and colleges." ☞Other Boston news: Houghton Mifflin reports that they have sent a "desk copy" of Walter Millis's *Road to War* to Adolf Hitler, at the request of Hanfstaengl. It would be interesting if the book were to be held up at the German border by the censor.

☞It is Old Quercus's pleasure to announce that the prize for the best madrigal on the theme "Withers Shall Not Wring Tonight" has been awarded to Aspidistra. Will she confidentially let us have an available name and address so she may receive the rich reward (a year's subscription to TRADE WINDS)? This is the ballad—which perhaps in cooler weather we should lack sang chaud to print:—

WITHERS SHALL NOT WRING TONIGHT

This morning I fell down the stairs.
This noon I sat on a bee.
Just now I am pensively wondering
What the dusk may have for me
But a couple of tuts—
And bless my guts!
Withers shall not wring tonight

My True Love's sire to quintuplets
And I am not their Ma.
Through my roof comes rain in droplets.
How lousy most things are—
But a couple of tuts—
And bless my guts!
Withers shall not wring tonight

The Senate's taken all my yachts.
Some wretch has taken my plots,
A situation needing lots
Of fortitude
Because he had no gratitude
And omitted quotation marks.
(I'd like to feed him to the sharks)
But a couple of tuts—
And bless my guts!
Withers shall not wring tonight

I like to be of help, especially to humanity—
So I'll tell you how I acquired my much admired urbanity:
It was plenty of Milk of Magnesia
And plenty of Swedish Bread.
It was getting up late in the morning
And going too early to bed.
It was lots of Castor Oil
And Carter's Liver Pills,
Together with other nostrums
For doing away with ills.
After that, come rack, come rope,
I never lost a bit of hope,
I always float like Ivory soap.
So a couple of tuts—
And bless my guts!
Withers shall not wring tonight.

Come, let us sing with all our main and might
Withers, withers, withers,
Shall not wring tonight!

ASPIDISTRA.

☞Old Q. has received many suggestions for M. B. W. of La Jolla, Calif., who wanted lists of "treasure books." Excerpts from these we shall shortly print.

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